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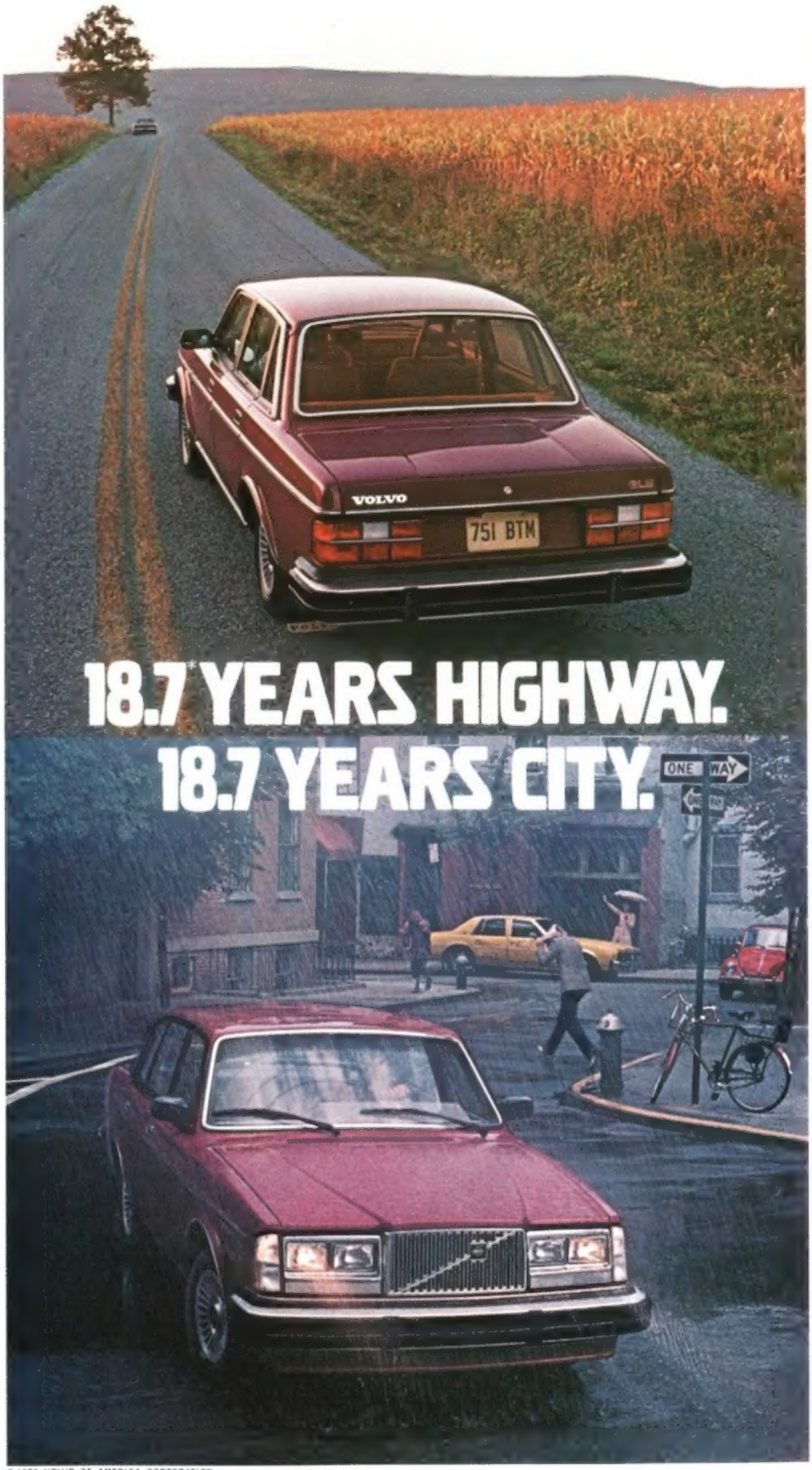

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NOVEMBER 24, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 21 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Every issue of TIME involves a certain amount of tight organization and work under pressure. Last week's election special was something in addition: an unprecedented technical achievement. By vastly revising and accelerating its regular production schedule, TIME was able to appear on the newsstands a full four days ahead of normal, and hardly 33 hours after the last polls had closed. Included in the edition were 28 pages of election stories and 16 color photographs taken Election Day and evening. Preparations for what Manufacturing and Distribution Associate Director Richard Labich called "undoubtedly the most demanding publication schedule we have faced" began months before Election Day. The closing schedules of other Time Inc. magazines were altered to provide a clear path for the election special. To handle the flood of last-minute stories, TIME Operations Director Gérard Lelièvre tapped staffs of the other magazines for additional computer operators. Extra video display terminals and computer printers were also obtained. "We tried to anticipate every possible problem. It was like preparing for a battle," said Lelièvre.

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

Operations Director Lelièvre

To make sure that a story did not dally in its progress from writer to printing plant, a "flow chart" was set up outside the office of Managing Editor Ray Cave. By watching color-coded magnetic squares on a gridlike metal board, editors were able to track their copy as it proceeded through the various stages of TIME's editorial process: writing, editing, checking, re-editing, copyreading, proofreading and fitting. The last story cleared the board at 2:31 p.m. Wednesday, 29 minutes ahead of its final deadline. Said Lelièvre: "There is no room for error in a schedule like that, but there is lots of room for luck —which we had."

As the editorial staff at the Time & Life Building in midtown Manhattan was heading home, the work of Manufacturing and Distribution was far from finished. With an impressive network of messengers put together by Ruth Pouliot, corporate operations manager for TIME, black-and-white pictures were rushed to the production office in lower Manhattan. She also hired a helicopter to shuttle color photos to an engraver on Long Island. Finally, the finished pages were flown or electronically transmitted to all 15 printing locations in the U.S. and overseas. By 8 p.m. the first presses were running. And by Thursday morning, TIME's election issue was on the newsstands in all major U.S. cities, and on its way to subscribers around the world.

John a. Meyer

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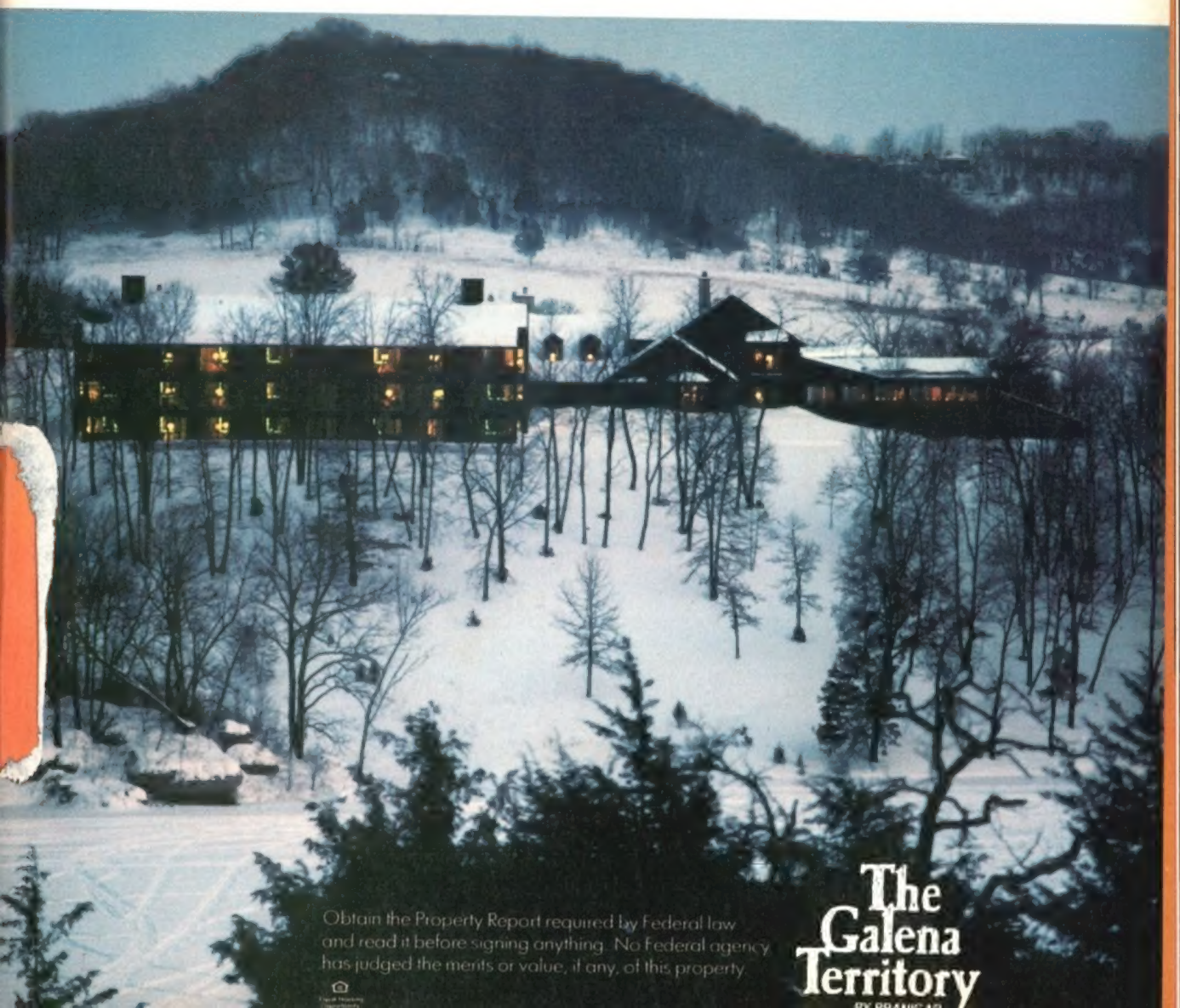

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At the Phoenix Art Museum, eager bidders gather round *War Cry to the Sun*, an oil painting by Howard Terpning

American Scene

In Arizona: A Million Dollar Sale of Cowboy Art

The cowboys are doing all right these days. Gordon Snidow has a gold watch that is like to give him a sprained wrist. Jack Swanson hasn't quit breaking horses, because he is only 53, but he is in a position to ease off a bit. Fred Fellows doesn't have to rope in rodeos for a living any more, which is just as well, since roping is no living at all, unless you can eat the silver belt buckles they give away for prizes. Joe Beeler is pushing the outer limits of legal bliss, because he doesn't have to wear those damn black business shoes.

Never did wear them, as it turned out. Bought them, and a suit to match, but they stayed in the closet, curling up at the toes. In the late '50s, he and Snidow studied art at a school in Hollywood, of all places, and his G.I. Bill ran out, so he went back to Oklahoma. There he set himself up as an easel painter; commercial art didn't interest him. The paintings he liked to do interested almost no one else. What he painted was scenes of the Old West, cowboys and Indians, cattle and horses. Pictures scraggly with sagebrush, that nobody bought. He lugged his canvases to stock shows trying to peddle them. To keep his family alive, he says in his soft Western voice, "Ah punched cattle, shot squirrels in the streets."

"In the streets?" asks a listener, because Beeler has been known to improve on the facts when he is telling a story. "Oh, absolutely," he says. "Skinny little suckers." Things got worse, and finally Beeler took an offer to move East and work as an illustrator. He doesn't bother to say what city. It's just "East," a sorry region, though no doubt there's a lot of nice folks there. That's when he bought the black shoes and suit to match. But then came a commission to do a Western scene for $350, and Beeler went on wearing cowboy boots.

He is in Phoenix, installed in some luxury at the Hyatt Regency, wearing jeans, a belt buckle the size of a locomotive headlight and a fine-looking Stetson. He and the 23 other members of the Cowboy Artists of America are having a show and sale at the Phoenix Art Museum. Beeler and John Hampton, who was born in New York City—dropped down the wrong chimney by the stork, he says—and two other men founded the group back in 1965 to tip the odds on Western art in the direction of survival. Last year the 14th annual sale brought in over $870,000, but this year the cowboys hope to make real money. They are, in fact, on the point of becoming trendy. A group of oilmen plans to build a substantial museum for them over in Kerrville, Texas. A few months ago, they sent paintings, on invitation, to the 91st *Salon* of the *Société des Artistes Indépendents* in Paris.

Fame and money clearly bring satisfaction to these Westerners. Yet there is a common note to their recollections, mostly expressed without bitterness, but not without hurt. Virtually every man was made to understand, on his first contact with the teachers and critics who guarded the doors of the art world, that representational art was not to be taken seriously, and that art depicting cowboys was kitsch, so corny as to be laughable.

Jack Swanson, a big, easy-talking fellow, was in his 20s, breaking horses up in Oregon, when he got a box of paints for Christmas. As a boy he'd drawn horses. Now he took a horse out into the corral, tied it to a post and began to paint. And felt sweat break out on his forehead. "I had never had the experience of being so excited." So he enrolled in art school in Oakland, taking with him a couple of his horses. He lasted less than a term. "They'd have all these pots on a table, and you were supposed to paint them, but I'd paint a horse. And this big lunk of a professor, a guy about my age, he only stood about six foot six, he came over and took one of my horse drawings up to the front of the class and started ridiculing it. I said, 'If you like to ride my tail so much, why don't you come outside and fight me?' I was kicked out of school. A recalcitrant, they said."

One of Swanson's horses was a stud named Amigo S, who had some speed on him, and in 1947 Swanson began racing on the quarter-horse circuit. Riding without boots, to cut weight, he twice tied the world record for the furlong (12.3 seconds). Then Amigo S came up lame, and Swanson found an art school at Carmel, Calif., near the ocean, so he could exercise him in salt water. Mornings, he broke horses to make a living—"I'd have half a dozen of them lined up in the corral, already saddled, and I'd ride them one after another"—and in the afternoons he would paint. In the evenings he would work at building his house on a ranch he was buying near Carmel. It was 20 years of this routine before art paid the bills.

Now, on sale day at the Phoenix Art Museum, members of the Men's Arts Council are stationed by the paintings with cake boxes at the ready. This is not an auction but a sale at prices fixed by each artist. The 1,500 collectors crowded into the gallery (fire laws won't permit more) pay $75 each for the privilege of stuffing intent-to-purchase chips into the cake boxes. Then names of lucky purchasers are drawn out of the boxes, sometimes from among several hundred chips. The expensive works tend to attract the most chips. Tonight John Clymer, an old *Saturday Evening Post* cover artist, has a painting priced at $80,000. So does his colleague, Tom Lovell, another successful illustrator in the old days.

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CHC/8

CANADIAN WHISKY · A BLEND · 80 PROOF · IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

ONE CANADIAN STANDS ALONE

WINDSOR

American Scene

A stroll around the exhibition turns up nothing that is not representational, nothing whose style or execution departs any considerable distance from the work of Frederic Remington or Charles M. Russell, the great turn-of-the-century cowboy artist. Bill Nebeker's small bronze, *Givin' the Boys a Show*, is a rousing halloo for Remington and the past, a bucking horse with all four legs stiff and off the ground, and a rider waving his hat high. Lovell's *Cooling the Big 50* is a powerful charcoal drawing showing a plainsman pouring water on the barrel of his rifle, which he has been firing for some time at an unseen target (buffaloes? attacking Indians?).

Sentiment and nostalgia undoubtedly count for much of the popularity of such works, especially with collectors for whom a purchase is, among other things, a blow struck for God's country (the title of a fine James Boren watercolor) against the effete and fashionable East. A very high level of skill, and a feeling of bedrock belief, save these paintings from triteness, sometimes against high odds. Gary Niblett's big oil *Typhoid* would seem to be intolerably melodramatic. It shows a couple of covered wagons in the background, and in the foreground a mother and two young daughters huddling before a fresh grave. But the artist's handling of an enormous sweep of empty grassland and gray sky keeps it honest. Never mind melodrama. Niblett seems to be saying, the pioneers did face that kind of immensity, and a lot of them died doing it.

A cowboy contemplating *The Liars' Club*

All details are exact. Gear is correct for the historical period and the region. If there is war paint on an Indian, an expert can tell whether the warrior is a Sioux or a Crow. To Clymer, who spends his summers traveling about the Northwest doing research, this is simply a matter of "honoring the past." Bill Owen's paintings record the working lives of contemporary cowboys in central Arizona. "People think that this is all dead and gone, that it's a fantasy scene," he says. "It's not; roping and branding and range life haven't changed much from the 19th century on the big ranches. What I paint will be history in 100 years, and I want people to know it was done right."

The collectors stride in. They will buy $1,292,050 worth of sagebrush work before the evening is over, and gallerygoers over the next few days will buy out the show with another $200,000 in purchases. Beeler will make $246,500. An observer stands beside a burly rent-a-car millionaire in shirtsleeves who has bid on one of Bill Owen's canvases, just as someone else's name is drawn out of the cake box. "Tough luck," says the observer. "I'll get it," says the millionaire. The observer asks what he means, and is told that an offer of 20% over the purchase price invariably persuades the buyer to resell. But what if the buyer is fond of the painting and already has all the money he needs?

"There isn't any such person," says the millionaire with great confidence as he walks off to make his deal.

—*By John Skow*

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Letters

Reagan's Romp

To the Editors:

The American people have voted [Nov. 17] for a new hope and a new vision, without limits—a strong America economically, militarily and morally.

Jeremiah F. McSweeney
Mullens, W. Va.

Well, we survived a President Nixon. I guess we shall survive a President Reagan. I hope.

Sid Cohen
New York City

For this ailing nation, the election was a catharsis. I feel hopeful and encouraged. On with the recovery of America.

Imogene Chapman
Helotes, Texas

President Carter did not lose, the public did. The fat cats and the poll cats delivered us a dead fish.

Mrs. Waldine Wilson
Frankfort, Ky.

The message the American populace has given to Mr. Carter and the Democratic Party is obvious. Equally obvious, however, is the message to Mr. Reagan. We the people say, "You'd better do things right."

Thomas H. Ruch
Barrington, Ill.

Reagan is our clown prince, and we are his foolish subjects. Don't look now, America, but the whole world is laughing. Maybe he deserved an Academy Award for his startling performance, but he certainly didn't deserve to be President.

Shavawn M. Berry
Seattle

Your story "Anatomy of a Landslide" tells why Carter was smashed. He offended a special-interest group: Americans!

Lewis Allen Frank
Washington, D.C.

Next time someone preaches that "every vote counts," call him or her a fool, a liar, or simply naive. I waited in line 1½ hours at my neighborhood elementary school to vote for a candidate who, three time zones away, had already conceded defeat. What a patriotic dilemma! Should I stay in line and vote anyway?

Rosemary Twohey
Vancouver, Wash.

Hatchet Job?

Laurence Barrett's pre-election piece on Candidate Ronald Reagan [Oct. 20] was a slick hatchet job, and you know it. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves for printing it disguised as an objective look at the man.

Greg W. Smith
Toccoa, Ga.

Your story on "The Real Reagan" did it. Why didn't you just editorially endorse him? Barrett glosses over Reagan's fatal flaws so handily that the "real" Ronald Reagan came across as *the* answer to all our problems.

Ina MacLean
Vestal, N.Y.

Voices of Experience

At last we hear the voices of experience! Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford [Nov. 10] clearly educated us in the responsibilities of *both* the President *and* his constituency. In a society searching for yes and no answers to every question, it was good to hear these men define the solution in terms of goals rather than polls.

Robert C. Pettyjohn
Franklinton, Ky.

It is an insult to your readers to think that they give a damn what Richard M. Nixon feels should be done in this country. To dignify a man who disgraced the presidency and used every means possible while in office for his own gain is objectionable to most of your readers.

Morris M. Kling
Louisville

I don't know when I've read an article that sounds as sensible as Ford's assessment of the job of the President, and of the Veep as well. I hope President-elect Reagan was listening.

Beatrice A. Parker
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Gerald Ford urges use of the Vice President as Chief of Staff. He argues plausibly that Congress would respond more favorably to an elected official in that position. But should the Chief of Staff be a man who is almost always chosen to balance a party's ticket? A Chief of Staff must be able to mesh with the idiosyncrasies of President and staff.

David C. Watts
Augusta, Ga.

Science Plus

The establishing of the North Carolina School of Science and Mathematics for gifted students [Oct. 27] is a good idea but not a great one. What would have been great would be a North Carolina School of Sciences, Social Sciences and Humanities. There are many gifted students whose gift is not scientific.

Virginia B. Laire
Joppa, Md.

Buying American

Your article concerning the American automobile industry's battle to limit imports [Oct. 20] was right on target. The founders of these auto companies based the development of their businesses on the American system of free enterprise and the values of competition. These are some of the very same people who under different circumstances decry the intervention of Government in the business realm.

Mauri Schwartz
Redding, Calif.

In the article on the United Auto Workers fight against Japanese imports, you say that to impose restrictions on foreign products "is not the way to cure the ills of the American auto industry." What would TIME—or, for that matter, Ronald Reagan—do that would benefit the automakers more?

Joseph T. McKeown III
Youngstown, Ohio

To deny consumers in this country the right to buy quality, fuel-efficient cars at a reasonable price is un-American. Foreign automakers are busy filling the demand for such cars, while Detroit clamors for more protectionism.

Robert F. Corner
Rapid City, S. Dak.

No Fizzle

You report that our new show *That's My Line* [Oct. 13] is a remake of our classic game show *What's My Line*. You also report that *That's My Line* "fizzled." You are mistaken on both counts.

That's My Line is about as similar to *What's My Line* as a French poodle is to French bread: the names have a lot in common, but the things they describe do not. *That's My Line* is a prime-time "reality" program; *What's My Line* was a game show. And CBS has ordered this "fizzled" show as a new prime-time series, to begin shortly before Christmas.

Jonathan M. Goodson
Goodson-Todman Productions
Hollywood

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

TIME/ NOVEMBER 24, 1980

New Team in Town

Transfer of power begins as Reagan's emissaries descend on Washington

The man of the hour and his wife attended services at the Bel Air Presbyterian Church and then went into seclusion. The President-elect spent the week riding, chopping wood and relaxing with Nancy on their California ranch. But from midweek on, Ronald Reagan's emissaries streamed into Washington, packing the "red-eye" overnight flights from the West Coast. Said one adviser: "A lot of tired people are trying to get things going." They faced one of the most intricate tasks in democratic government: arranging a transfer of power from a defeated Administration to an incoming regime vastly different in philosophy, policies and, of course, personnel.

The mood could not have been more businesslike. The advance guard of as many as 500 Reaganites who were soon to be working on the transition checked into nine floors of a drab eleven-story M Street office building, where it found rooms sparsely furnished with gray metal desks. Doors bore hand-lettered signs identifying the functions of the people who would be occupying the offices (congressional liaison, agricultural task force) but not yet their names. In the seventh-floor mail room, nine volunteers sorted sacks of letters addressed to Reagan into 100-odd cubbyholes. The largest box, for résumés and job requests, filled up so quickly that two more had to be added. Within minutes, they were overflowing too.

The boss of the transition teams, Edwin Meese III, arrived Wednesday morning—personable, affable, cheery. A few hours later he herded 30 or so staffers to the White House for a meeting with their opposite numbers in the Carter Administration. The standing-room-only crowd jammed a small auditorium usually used by the First Family to watch movies. Said one participant: "There was a smattering of rookie winners and losers, the type who muttered snide comments and made noticeable grimaces." But the top men urged harmony. White House Chief of Staff Jack Watson, who is overseeing the transition from the Carter side, opened with gallows humor: "Now we're going to have the exchange of prisoners." But he soon turned serious, telling the Carter people: "This is not a time for political debate. Continuity is the watchword."

So began a transition that will pick up its pace this week, when the President-elect comes down from the Santa Ynez Mountains. Reagan was scheduled to fly to Washington Monday for the first of three weeklong visits before his Inauguration. At a CIA briefing he will tell Director Stansfield Turner that he will be replaced. On Thursday, Reagan will visit with the man he defeated so resoundingly Nov. 4. While their husbands confer, Rosalynn Carter will show Nancy Reagan around the White House living quarters.

Reagan's aides were already sketching the outlines of the Administration-to-be in surprising detail. Main items:

Policy. Caspar ("Cap the Knife") Weinberger, head of Reagan's budget policy group, said the new boss would hold federal spending in fiscal 1981, which began Oct. 1, to $620 billion, about $25 billion below the levels contemplated by Carter. Reagan's advisers accepted a proposal by Texas Senator John Tower to add $3 billion to the $157 billion in military spending recommended by Carter this fiscal year. Military pay would be raised an extra 2%, on top of the 11.7% increase already moving toward enactment. Tower also advocated an increase in military outlays of 10% a year after 1981, adjusted for inflation, just about double what Carter had planned. Reagan may accept that goal, but his economic advisers are likely to quarrel with Tower's idea that beefing up U.S. military power should have priority over balancing the budget.

The Republican economists were shaping a tax package that included not only Reagan's cherished 30% cut in income tax rates over three years but substantial benefits for business as well. Also under consideration was a one-year moratorium on all new federal regulations, except "emergency" health and safety rules.

Government Organization. Reagan is close to deciding on a radical departure: a kind of "executive committee" to help him run the Government. It will number six to eleven people, and be composed of Cabinet members and people of roughly equivalent rank. The council would meet regularly with Reagan to discuss the whole range of Government problems; each member would be responsible for developing policy recommendations for a broad area of the Government and, once Reagan approved them, seeing that they were carried out. Cabinet members on the committee would in effect be responsible not only for their own departments but for others too. Reagan successfully tried something like that idea when he was Governor of California. However, said one sympathetic but skeptical Republican Congressman, "the notion of having a few trusted people coming in on big decisions —that's O.K. But it's awfully difficult to get more than two or three people together who have these broad interests. The Secretaries of State and Defense can't set housing policy; they have neither the inclination nor the time."

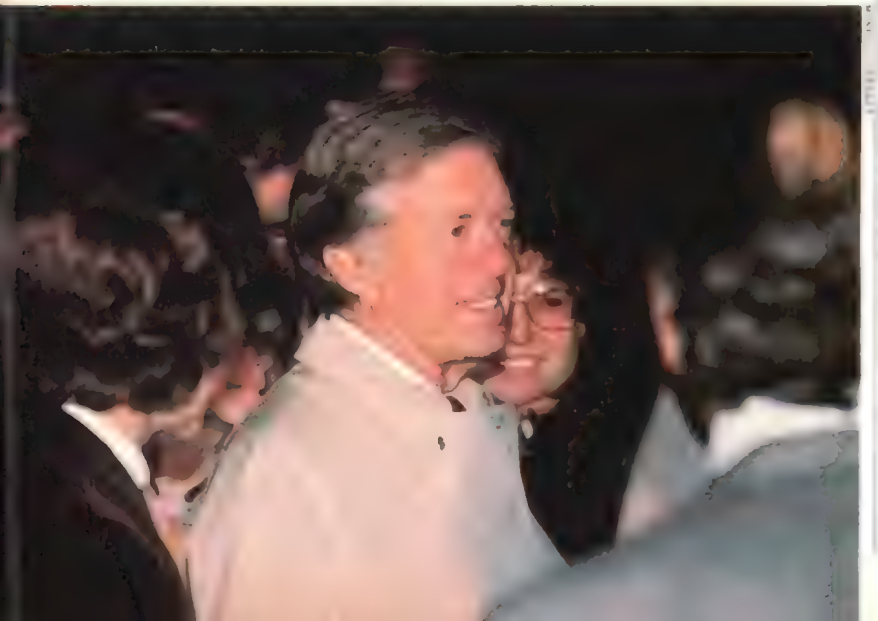
To oversee the operation of his Administration, Reagan created a powerful new White House staff position with the title of Presidential Counsellor. The post will be filled by Meese, prime organizer of Reagan's campaign, who will have to work closely with the chief of the White House staff, James Baker. A Houston lawyer, Baker labored so successfully for George Bush in the primaries that he was quickly hired by the Reaganites after his man quit the race.

Reagan's Cabinet appointments, however, are still a matter of speculation. George Shultz was widely mentioned as a possible Secretary of State, but is taking so active a role in coordinating Reagan's economic-policy advice that he now

DIANA H. WALKER

Cubbyholes in transition offices are long on résumés, short on functions

The President-elect and his wife leaving church in Bel Air; Carter returning from Camp David



seems more likely to become Secretary of the Treasury, a job he held under President Nixon, or chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers.

Democratic Senator Henry Jackson's acceptance of a post on Reagan's military advisory panel strengthens his chances of becoming Secretary of Defense; that would give the Cabinet a bipartisan aura. The leading candidates for Secretary of State, if Shultz does not get the job, are now William Simon, a former Secretary of the Treasury, and Alexander Haig, former Nixon chief of staff. Thomas Sowell, a black conservative economist at Stanford's Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, may enter the Cabinet as Secretary of Labor or Education.

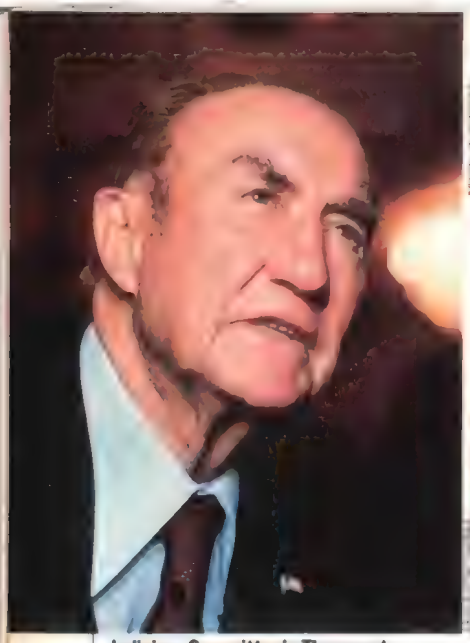
To the dismay of Reagan's New Right followers, the lists of candidates for top jobs are dominated by moderate-conservative veterans of the Nixon and Ford administrations. Richard Viguerie, a leading right-winger, complained angrily that "there is not a hard-core conservative in the lot. Was it the Ford-Kissinger-Rockefeller wing of the party that has been promoting Reagan for 16 years?"

Eventually Reagan will have to fill 3,000 Government posts. To help him choose candidates for the top 50 or so positions quickly, he has given semiofficial status to his kitchen cabinet, composed mostly of longtime California businessmen friends. They dominate an 18-member Transition Appointments Committee, which is meeting in Los Angeles under the direction of William French Smith, Reagan's personal lawyer and a potential Attorney General.

As they arrived in Washington last week, Reagan's transition monitors were on the alert for signs of such chicanery by an outgoing Administration as transferring political appointees to the career civil service rolls. Carter's aides promptly pledged they would do nothing of the sort. Watson ordered action on "all major policy questions" deferred until the new Administration takes over.

All of which must have stirred in Jimmy Carter memories of the transition he presided over only four years ago. The President startled White House correspondents by walking unannounced into a routine briefing, where for 45 minutes he was by turns rueful, wry, wistful—and subdued. Asked about a meeting with Reagan, Carter replied that he was available "whenever is convenient for him. I have not quite so heavy a schedule these days as I have had in the past."

What would he do after Jan. 20? Not run for office again, he said, or go back to the peanut business; that would be "inappropriate for an ex-President." Instead, said Carter, he would work on his memoirs, write a book on the presidency, lecture, maybe teach, and "become a good fly fisherman." *—By George J. Church. Reported by Simmons Fentress and Walter Isaacson/Washington*



Judiciary Committee's Thurmond

Labor Committee's Hatch

Armed Services Committee's Tower

"The Conservatives Are Coming!"

Congress braces for the onslaught of the Republicans

"It's unbelievable—it's a revolution," declared a member of Democratic Senator Edward Kennedy's staff. "It's a total reversal—the change is going to be drastic," said an aide to one of the Senate's few surviving liberal Republicans, Maryland's Charles Mathias. The gloom and foreboding among the anonymous legislative technicians who had hitched their careers to long-dominant Democrats and once fashionable moderate Republicans in the U.S. Senate were symbolic of the postelection upheaval on Capitol Hill. Aides who could joke at the prospect of soon being out of a job mimicked Paul Revere: "The conservatives are coming! The conservatives are coming!"

They are indeed. The Republicans had seized control of the Senate, 53 to 46 (Virginia's Harry Byrd is an independent), and narrowed the Democratic margin in the House from 114 to 50, sweeping out many liberals in the process. Republicans are poised to pass conservative legislation, working hand in hand with Ronald Reagan. "We're not going to be arrogant or gloat," said South Carolina Senator Strom Thurmond who, in one of the most startling shifts, will replace Kennedy as chairman of the influential Judiciary Committee, "but we're going to be determined to bring some changes that ought to be brought." His aim is nothing less, he said, than to "turn the country around."

Democrats have dominated Congress for so long that only two Republicans, Senator Barry Goldwater, 71, and Congressman John Rhodes, 64, have ever served in a majority status. Heady with power, a few of the Republicans who arrived in Washington last week for the brief lameduck session of the outgoing Congress had truly feverish ideas. House Republicans talked about wooing 26 Democratic conservatives away from their party and thus voting Democratic Speaker Tip O'Neill out of his position. On more sober reflection, they decided that was, of course, a pipe dream.

Conservatives in the Senate similarly talked about preventing Tennessee's Howard Baker, the current minority leader, from becoming majority leader in the new Senate. A major complaint against Baker: he voted for the Panama Canal treaties. But Nevada's Paul Laxalt, overnight one of Washington's most powerful men, promptly squelched that minirebellion.

Still, the incident showed that the Senate Republicans have to get their act together. They are now divided roughly into three bickering groups: the 15 or so middle-of-the-road conservatives, who will try to get bills passed through compromise; about 25 arch-right-wingers, led by North Carolina's Jesse Helms, who are determined to push their long-thwarted wishes even if the Democratic majority in the House will block their bills; some ten moderates and liberals, whose profiles will probably remain low.

Appropriations Committee's Hatfield

Amid the confusion in the Senate, Republican leaders hoped that their newly won power will produce a sense of responsibility among legislators who have long been accustomed to providing only opposition to Democratic initiatives. Working through Laxalt, Reagan may develop a smoother relationship with a split Congress than Jimmy Carter was able to achieve with a Senate and House dominated by his own party. Neither Reagan nor Laxalt is a zealot; neither is likely to support the more radical proposals that may be pushed by some of the Senate's new committee chairmen.

Push could well come to shove. Republicans will take over the chairmenships of the Senate's 15 committees and its 91 subcommittees. While reforms have removed some of the autocratic power of chairmen to defy their party's leadership or kill bills simply by ignoring them, the chairmen still have great influence over which proposals reach the floor and how rapidly they do so. With authority to hold public hearings, investigate issues and command large staffs, the chairmen can also attract the kind of favorable publicity that enhances their careers. Kennedy, for example, has built up a Judiciary Committee staff of 60 people. Reduced to being the ranking minority member of the committee, he will have this staff cut to seven. Concedes one of Kennedy's aides about his boss: "He will no longer be a shadow government. He will be reactive, rather than a force."

Just as Thurmond will develop a strong team of his own on the Judiciary Committee as he replaces Kennedy, other Republican chairmen will luxuriate in new perks and power. The witty and acerbic Robert Dole of Kansas will replace

shrewd and independent Russell Long of Louisiana as head of the Finance Committee. John Tower, the brusque Texan, will take over the Armed Services Committee from Mississippi's judicious but aging John Stennis, 79. Utah's archconservative Jake Garn will head the Banking Committee, which Wisconsin's William Proxmire had used to promote his maverick views. Conservative James McClure of Idaho will head the Energy Committee, the forum from which Washington's Henry (Scoop) Jackson had assailed the oil companies. Oregon's scholarly and moderate Mark Hatfield will replace Warren Magnuson of Washington as chairman of the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee.

The chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee will probably go to Charles Percy of Illinois, a moderate never beloved by the right wing. He will succeed Frank Church, the liberal from Idaho, who was defeated for re-election by the conservatives. Jesse Helms, a North Carolina archconservative, talked briefly of challenging Percy for the job but backed down.

What do all the changes mean for the Reagan legislative program? Until the new President sets out a specific list of priorities, and the details of bills begin to emerge, it will be difficult to tell. Reagan has vowed to keep his list of legislative desires spare and his program simple. He seems certain to seek and is likely to get a substantial tax cut, sharp increases in military spending and progress toward deregulation of business and the elimination of needless bureaucratic rules. The mechanism that Reagan may try to use is the passage of "sunset laws" killing regulations unless they are examined periodically and specifically reapproved. There is growing bipartisan sentiment for all such measures.

But many of the newly influential Republican Senators will want to go much further. Garn is out to amend the Davis-Bacon Act so that it no longer raises the pay of workers on federally assisted construction projects. Says he: "Organized labor is going to scream to high heaven, but I think we've got the votes." Utah's ultraconservative Orrin Hatch, the new Senate Labor Committee chairman—who greeted his ascendancy by exclaiming, "I thought I'd died and gone to heaven!"—is in favor of lowering the minimum wage for young workers, a proposal Reagan has supported in the past. Hatch is determined to push his ideas as hard as he can, regardless of the immediate outcome. "You ultimately win by being willing to take losses—and letting the American people know how their Congressmen voted," he contends.

The Kennedy-to-Thurmond shift at Judiciary best reflects the altered congressional mood, as well as reveals the legislative hurdles that confront a strong new chairman. Thurmond has a wide array of proposals he would like to see enacted, including a ban on abortion except in

Eyes and Ears on the Hill

For six years he has been the most stalwart member of Congress to believe fervently that Ronald Reagan should be President. In 1976 he ran the Californian's valiant but losing attempt to win the nomination from Gerald Ford. This year he again chaired Reagan's presidential campaign committee and again nominated him for President. Now he is getting his reward by being allowed to put into effect a unique plan he has been urging on Reagan for 18 months. Although he holds no formal position of leadership among Republicans, Nevada's Paul Laxalt, 58, has suddenly become one of the most powerful men in Washington, with privileges and responsibilities that are without precedent in any relationship between a President and a legislator. He is scheduled to be the connecting link between the White House and the Congress.

"What we are seeking to do is to make Congress as much as possible a full partner with the President," Laxalt told TIME's congressional correspondent, Neil MacNeil. Laxalt would be Reagan's spokesman in Congress, explaining to the leaders of both parties in the House and Senate just what the President's policy is and driving down Pennsylvania Avenue to tell Reagan about the desires and problems of the legislators who must get the Administration's new bills passed. Says Laxalt: "He wants me to be his eyes and ears on the Hill."

RODDEY E. MIMS

Laxalt, Dole and Baker after Republican congressional leadership meeting

Gray-haired and soft-spoken, Laxalt is a deeply conservative Senator who is respected by his colleagues for arguing his points without abrasiveness. What really impresses Washington—which knows that propinquity is power—is the fact that the Senator plans to have offices and a staff of six in the White House itself or in the nearby Executive Office Building. In a sense, Reagan is trying to bridge the constitutional gulf between the White House and the Congress. Laxalt sees no legal bars to the plan. Some constitutional scholars, however, see problems. Stanford Law School Professor Gerald Gunther says it could be argued that "this novel institutional arrangement is incompatible with the purpose of the constitutional ban against any member of Congress holding an executive office."

Laxalt is moving swiftly to solve a more immediate problem: how his role would coexist or clash with that of the G.O.P. leadership in Congress. Says Laxalt: "I've made it very clear that I don't want to interfere with the prerogatives of leadership at all. There's no way I can be the point man on legislation."

To back up his words, the Senator has already supported the G.O.P.'s current leaders. Worried that the Senate's ultra-right wing would try to displace him as the majority's chief, Tennessee's Howard Baker asked for Laxalt's support. He got it. Says Laxalt: "Howard's done a good job. He's one of the best consensus achievers." Baker then promptly announced that he had Laxalt's backing in a successful maneuver to ward off any coup.

Later, Laxalt reported to Reagan what he had done. "He was pleased," he says. The President-elect then formally gave his blessing to the arrangement that his man on the Hill, acting alone but in full confidence that he knew precisely what his old friend wanted, had quietly worked out behind the scenes.

cases of danger to a woman's life, incest or rape. He opposes busing for racial integration and wants to allow prayer in public schools. He hopes to get a constitutional amendment passed that will force the Federal Government to balance the budget.

Thurmond wants to give the states more control over voting rights, to reinstitute the death penalty for serious crimes and to eliminate some of the due-process protections suspected criminals have acquired under Supreme Court decisions but which police officers claim hamper their work. He also wants to increase federal sentences for the possession of marijuana and to tighten immigration laws. Argues Thurmond: "I don't think people ought to be allowed to come into this country just because they want to come here." In his view, most of the Cubans, Haitians and Asians arriving in the country are "not political refugees. They are economic refugees. Unless they are political refugees, they should be kept out."

Yet Thurmond's best-laid plans can be stymied by his counterparts on the House Judiciary Committee, controlled, as before, by Democrats. There New Jersey's liberal Peter Rodino remains the chairman, and California's liberal Don Edwards heads a subcommittee on civil and constitutional rights. The House Judiciary Committee can block any right-wing measure that Thurmond manages to get through the Senate. Says Edwards "I hope and think those Republicans over in the Senate will have the good judgment to do more important things than push emotionally charged issues that have no chance."

Meanwhile, there were political games aplenty being played last week by both parties in the lameduck Congress Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd wanted Congress to complete action on a $39 billion package of tax cuts that was pending. So did Republican Dole, who will soon chair the Finance Committee, and Reagan signaled his approval. But Carter threatened to veto any such bill That effectively killed the legislation and left Reagan free to start anew with his own tax cut ideas in January.

The Democrats intend, however, to give Reagan one thing in the short session that he has said he wanted to impose, but in his own time: a reduction in the federal budget for the current fiscal year. Mischievously, Connecticut Congressman Robert Giaimo, chairman of the House Budget Committee, tacked a 2% across-the-board spending cut onto a final budget resolution. If passed, it will put Reagan in the position of having to decide just where to cut when he comes into office instead of taking his time or perhaps adopting a different budget-cutting tactic Warned New York Republican Barber Conable, who will probably be a highly influential Congressman in the new House: "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts. If the Democrats want to rush through Ronald Reagan's programs, we should check the fine print."

The lameduck session ending on Dec. 5 was expected to pass no major new programs, although it did push through a bill long wanted by Carter to protect 104.3 million acres of land in Alaska from development. Said Laxalt of the session: "We'd like to hold it in tight and get the hell out of here."

As a portent of battles to be fought in the coming years, the Senate voted 42 to 38 to add an antibusing measure to a $9.8 billion appropriation bill for the Justice Department and other agencies. Already passed by the House, the rider would prevent the Justice Department from asking federal judges to use busing as one means of achieving a better racial balance in public schools. The coalition backing the antibusing move was led by Helms. Asked he: "How long are we going to allow a federal bureaucracy in the Justice Department to torment the little children of America?"

Passage of the measure puts Carter in a quandary: he will either have to veto a money bill that is badly needed or accept the rider that turns back the clock on civil rights. At week's end there was no indication of what he would decide

In years past the fight against the antibusing rider would have been led in the Senate by liberal Democrats, but this time most stood aside and let a Republican moderate, Connecticut's Lowell Weicker, direct the losing effort. Complained Weicker: "This has been coming on slowly for a number of years. The civil rights groups packed up and went home ten years ago, and the Democrats are running away from their traditional constituencies." Weicker had a point: 20 Democrats voted for the rider, 26 opposed it. Weicker gloomily concluded: "If it is so hard to stop this kind of measure in this Congress, it is going to be twice as difficult in the next. This is going to be a rough, rough time for civil rights."

It is not yet clear whether Democrats in the new Congress will lose their zeal for other issues once dear to their party or unite in a mindless out-party opposition to whatever the incoming Reagan Administration proposes. Either way, they could contribute to the widespread reputation of a disorganized and interest-ridden Congress as being part of the nation's problems rather than as a body offering solutions

For the Republicans, the challenge —and the opportunity—is greater. They will have the chance to show that the party cast so long in the role of the critic can pull itself together to provide the kind of leadership that will regain respect for Congress and serve the nation well. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Neil MacNeil and Evan Thomas/Washington*

G.O.P. Senators meeting: Baker, Packwood, Simpson, Heinz, Weicker, Roth, Helms, Tower, Cohen, Domenici, Young, Schweiker, Laxalt

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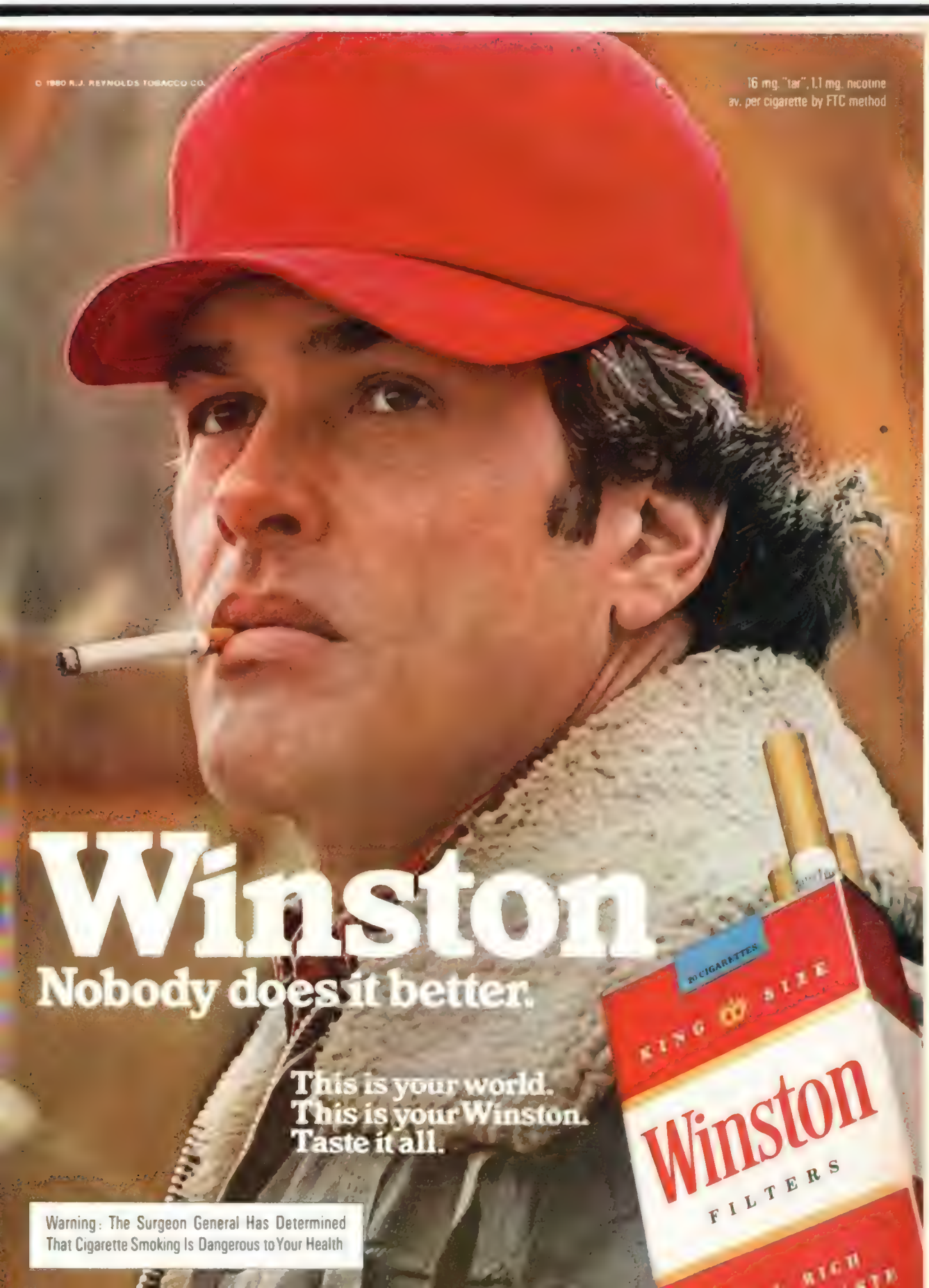
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Counsellor Ed Meese

Chief of Staff Jim Baker

Balancing Act at the Top

Meese and Baker will try to make the new White House work

As Reagan considers organizing his Administration around an "executive committee" composed of key Cabinet Secretaries and other top officials, he poses three problems that would have to be solved if the complicated system were to work in the bureaucratic maze of the Federal Government that persists no matter which party is in power. First: Who will coordinate the work of the executive committee? Second: Who will coordinate the work of the White House staff—always a force of its own? Third: Will the two coordinators be able to work together without succumbing to the overt, or subtle, struggles for power so characteristic of internal White House politics?

Last week Reagan tried to dispose of the problems that would beset this or other organizational plans by giving top jobs to two of his most respected and talented staffers who, if anyone in his camp can, will be able to make a complicated system work. The more important post will be held by Edwin Meese III, 48, one of Reagan's closest aides since he was recruited by the Governor in 1967 in California. Meese will serve as counsellor to the President and have Cabinet rank. He will coordinate the activities of the Cabinet, the White House domestic policy staff and the National Security Council. He will also be a member of the NSC.

The job of chief of the White House staff will be given to James Baker III, 50, a prominent Houston lawyer who rose rapidly in the Reagan hierarchy after joining the campaign in July. Baker's appointment, notes Meese with some satisfaction, shows that "the senior White House staff is not going to be nine guys from California."

Unlike such White House Chiefs of Staff as Richard Nixon's H.R. Haldeman and Jimmy Carter's Hamilton Jordan, Baker will have scant contact with members of the Cabinet or other major Government agencies. That is what Meese will be doing, in addition to helping set overall policy. Baker's job will be restricted to directing the work of the assistants and aides to the President who actually work in the White House or in the neighboring Executive Office Building. Among Baker's duties will be supervising White House press and congressional relations. Like Meese, he will be an NSC member.

On paper, fine, but what will make the system work—if it does—is the close relationship between Meese and Baker. Neither man is overbearing or consumed with ambition. No matter how much pressure he is under, Meese never appears harried. No one can ever remember his losing his temper. With his cherubic countenance, Meese might have stepped out of one of those 1960s situation comedies on TV featuring a benevolent daddy figure. He has a calming but somehow commanding voice. He rarely asserts his own views, but waits for a consensus among Reagan's advisers and then presents the final decision to the boss. One example: it was Meese who heard all the arguments and then finally urged Reagan to debate Carter in what turned out to be a pivotal point in the campaign.

A graduate of Yale and the law school of the University of California at Berkeley, Meese has long been the aide that Reagan turns to more than any other for advice. During the primary fights, Campaign Manager John Sears tried to get Meese fired, only to be sacked himself. Ever since, Reagan staffers with a problem have been saying, "I'll have to ask Ed Meese."

One reason why an outsider like Jim Baker rose so quickly in the Reagan camp is that Meese is not jealous of his turf. Baker was esteemed for his abilities despite the fact that he had fought Reagan first as President Ford's campaign chief in 1976 and then as the director of George Bush's presidential effort. The revenge of Reaganites was to hire their most talented opponent. Says Baker, a smooth and seemingly imperturbable Texan: "They have made me feel very welcome."

A member of an old-line Houston family, Baker attended Princeton and the University of Texas Law School and became a successful attorney specializing in corporate law. After joining the Reagan campaign as a senior adviser without portfolio, Baker won influence with his carefully marshaled lawyerly arguments. He successfully made the case for cutting salaries and other personnel costs in order to spend more on media. He was put in charge of negotiating the debates with Anderson and Carter and coaching Reagan's winning performance.

Meese and Baker will start their new job from an ideal position: plenty of friends and few enemies. They will need those reserves of trust as they prepare to cope with the avalanche of problems that is soon to descend on them

■ ■ ■

Five days before the election, Richard V. Allen's future as a member of the Reagan inner circle appeared to have ended. A *Wall Street Journal* story had accused him of leaking international trade secrets from the White House, when he was on its staff during the Nixon Administration, for the purpose of setting up lucrative consultantships for himself after he left the Government. Allen, 44, who had been Reagan's chief foreign policy adviser, denied the allegations but quit the campaign because, he said, he did not want the charges to become an issue against his boss.

But the silver-haired and immaculately dressed Allen suddenly reappeared in the Reagan entourage on Election Day. Now he is one of Reagan's three senior transition advisers, with prime responsibility for coordinating all the foreign policy advice that the President-elect receives. Reagan staffers say that Allen seems headed for a top post in the new Administration, perhaps even National Security Adviser.

Why the comeback? Said Reagan, after announcing Allen's transition assignment: "We find absolutely no evidence of wrongdoing." An appointment for Allen, an outspoken hawk, might also help placate right-wingers who view many of the people mentioned for Administration jobs as too moderate.

■ Dick Allen

Accentuating the Positive

Reagan's win has world leaders looking on the bright side

Last week's cover of the Italian weekly *Panorama* featured a drawing of America's President-elect wearing a cowboy suit and brandishing a six-shooter. The caption alluded without subtlety to his career in Hollywood: "Ronald Reagan in *Il Presidente.*" During the months before the election, many leaders around the world, including friends of the U.S. as well as its enemies, held the same scathing view of Reagan as being as flashy and light as Hollywood tinsel. But now that he has been elected, some are taking a second and much more hopeful look at him as President. Said the conservative West German newspaper *Die Welt:* "Confront-

A crowd gathers outside the American embassy in Moscow to learn about the new President

After dire expectations, growing hope abroad for a strong and steady foreign policy.

ed with political reality, President Reagan might show more flexibility than he did as a candidate."

Although Western Europe worries about the future of the SALT II treaty, which it considers the cornerstone of détente, the NATO nations believe that Reagan will engineer a steadier and more forceful foreign policy than Carter. The West Germans are encouraged by the fact that Reagan's advisers include George Shultz, Henry Kissinger and Alexander Haig, all men they admire. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt never tried to hide his scorn for Carter's vacillating and moralizing approach to international issues. Says one Schmidt aide: "Thank God the days of the Washington zigzag are over."

French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who also had his doubts about Carter's steadiness, expects a Reagan Administration to reassert U.S. power. After meeting with Schmidt last week, Giscard said: "France can only rejoice at the sight of a strong America determined fully to assume its responsibilities."

Of all Western Europe's leaders, Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher had the most sympathy for Carter. Her government admires Reagan's call for a strong defense and a tough attitude toward the Soviet Union.*

The main fear that Europeans have about Reagan is that he will try to push them to meet their commitment to increase defense spending by 3% annually at a time when they are having economic problems. The West Germans have already decided not to meet the figure, which was agreed upon at the 1978 NATO summit.

The potential for a conflict between the new Administration and Europe certainly exists. Speaking before a meeting of Defense Ministers in Brussels last week, a senior British diplomat said, "Reagan must understand Washington can no longer order Europeans around." He had in mind such matters as defense spending.

Other matters concerned other nations. To Arab countries, Reagan rhymes with Begin. In general, they consider his election a blow to the Middle East peace process because of his support of Jewish settlements on the West Bank and his strong condemnation of the P.L.O. Says one Jordanian diplomat: "A pillar of the Camp David agreement has fallen." In a televised speech, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat heaped praise on Carter after his defeat and mentioned Reagan only briefly. Sadat's big fear is that Reagan will see Israel, rather than Egypt, as the chief U.S. Middle East ally. On the other hand, Sadat hopes that Reagan, with his strong anti-Soviet stance, will be willing to do what Carter could not be prodded into: building up Middle East military might against possible Soviet threats.

Although Reagan's campaign rhetoric encouraged Israel, Prime Minister Menachem Begin wanted Carter to win on the "devil you know" theory. After the election, Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir said frankly, "We are not happy about President Carter's defeat." The Israelis anticipate with no concern that Reagan's advent will slow down the talks on Palestinian autonomy; the Begin government is in no mood to hurry the process. What does please the Israelis about Reagan is his get-tough stance toward the Soviets.

Before the election, the Kremlin was pulling for Carter because Soviet leaders did not consider him a reactionary as they did Reagan. Indeed, Moscow television referred to Reagan in 1976 as "a henchman of the extreme right-wing circles in America." But now that Reagan has won, the Kremlin, which has also been buffeted by Carter's inconsistencies in policy, has changed its line, hoping that Reagan will move toward the center, and is optimistically recalling the case of Richard Nixon, the fervent anti-Communist who advanced détente. The Soviets are most concerned that Reagan's lack of experience could increase the danger of a sudden international crisis.

China is naturally apprehensive about a President-elect with a professed attachment to Taiwan, and Japan frets that Reagan may impose harsher import regulations and pressure the Japanese to spend more on defense. Also, Third World countries, particularly black Africa, fear that Reagan will slash economic assistance. But South Africa hailed Reagan's election, assuming he will relax the Carter-created campaign for human rights. Says one Pretorian diplomat: "Anybody is better than Carter, that liberal Don Quixote." Adds Roberto Campos, Brazil's Ambassador to London: "The Reagan Administration will set aside that missionary human rights policy." And in the Philippines, President Ferdinand Marcos threw a big party in his palace after Reagan's victory. Reason: with human rights likely to be less of a U.S. cause, he hopes to receive long-requested military assistance. ■

*Reagan got recognition last week from the British in another and distinctive way. DeBrett's, famed for tracing the lineages of the mighty, announced that the President-elect is a descendant of Riagan, an 11th century Irish prince who was a nephew of the great Irish warrior King Brian Boru (926-1014)

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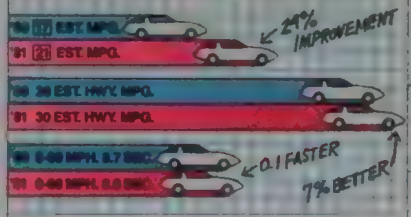

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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

A Vodka Toast for Reagan

The Soviet embassy threw its annual celebration of the Revolution of 1917 a few days ago, and the glitterati of Washington swarmed in as usual to the stone box of a building that hunkers down on 16th Street. The vodka was good (Stolichnaya), the few dabs of caviar were superb (from the Volga River) and the guests from the diplomatic corps, Congress, White House and the city at large elbowed each other cheerfully in the chandeliered rooms on the second floor of the elaborate embassy where tsarist Russia set up shop in 1913.

The occasion is always a night's adventure. Dour guards, who prowl the fenced perimeters at other times, paste on smiles and put on star-spangled uniforms. The heavy doors that are usually closed are wide open. But this night there was something unusual afoot. The commemoration of the Russian Revolution may have proved to be the first significant social and diplomatic event of the soon-to-arrive Reagan Administration.

The atmosphere was oddly exuberant. Old Lenin stared down somberly on the assemblage from his ten-foot canvas at the head of the hall. The center of attention was former President Richard Nixon, who had flown in from New York especially for the party. Ex-Secretary of State Henry Kissinger showed up, and some of his staff members from the past were on hand. The place was jammed with Republican contributors, consultants and former Administration aides, as though the Soviets had summoned a meeting of the shadow government that had been lurking in the wings the past four years.

Dobrynin, Nixon and Kissinger

The talk was about the new meaning that Washington would now have. Fun could come back in style and class would return to social events. The ageless chronicler of conservatives, Betty Beale of the Washington *Star*, was there with a wide smile. But there was something else in the mood at the Soviet embassy that bears watching.

The Soviets themselves seemed to like the idea of Reagan. They did not exactly say that. They seldom say such things directly, but the hosts projected an unusual warmth. Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin, who, with Reagan, will have served in the time of eight U.S. Presidents, greeted the thousand guests who had come for the 63rd anniversary of the revolution. He knew most of them personally. "Old friends," he said, beaming a great smile around the room. It seemed like a reunion from better times.

Somebody told Dobrynin that a letter the Ambassador had written Reagan had been read that morning at a Reagan transition staff meeting and that if Dobrynin did not watch out he would be recruited for a job in the new Administration. Dobrynin laughed heartily at that, and even at a sally that Reagan had just finished his first press conference and not declared war on the Soviet Union.

The question that was posed but not asked explicitly during this singular evening may be central to Ronald Reagan's presidency. Will the firmness and certainty about opposing the spread of Soviet influence, which Reagan has vowed will be his policy, actually improve the working relationship between the U.S. and U.S.S.R.? Off in another noisy corner of the embassy, a Soviet diplomat pondered the idea and finally declared that there was no difference between Carter and Reagan. Then his expression grew distant and he added, "But at least we know where Reagan stands."

One old trouper had no doubts. Nixon, with a shot glass of vodka in his hand, posed with Dobrynin for a picture, told the Ambassador that he never drank the stuff and declared that strength and reliability were the true ingredients of peace. Said Nixon: "Rather than this being a period with a danger of war, it will be the opposite." Said Kissinger: "The Soviets want a predictable Administration. And in a curious way, I think they want one that puts limits on them. Their system is not capable of operating under the principle of self-restraint." An interesting theory and an optimistic one, from the viewpoint of the Reaganites.

Musical Chair

Democrats go headhunting

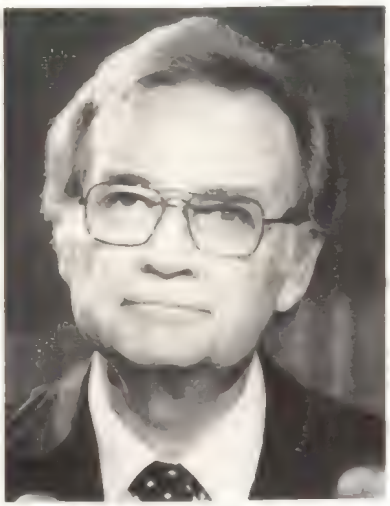
The dust has hardly settled over the rubble of the Democratic Party after its election collapse, but leading members are already jostling to rebuild—and control—the organization. Skirmishing has centered on the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee, the logical position of power from which to direct a Democratic renaissance. Admits Chairman John C. White, 56, who was elected in 1978: "This is the only bone in the yard."

White insists he has enough votes in the 363-member national committee to win re-election next February, but the Carter loyalist is hedging about whether he really wants to stay on. "My decision is not made," says White, who may have plans to run for Governor of his native Texas in 1982. He adds: "I'm going home to Muleshoe, talk to a few friends and see what the future holds."

Many party leaders feel White's days as chairman are numbered, and the names of possible successors are floating around Washington as thick and fast as the résumés of out-of-work Democrats. Supporters of Edward Kennedy and Walter Mondale, now the two most obvious contenders for the presidency in 1984, are eager to gain control of the D.N.C. Senator Birch Bayh and House Majority Whip John Brademas, both from Indiana and both defeated two weeks ago, are mentioned as Kennedy's favorites. Mondale is said to prefer Charles T. Manatt, head of the D.N.C. finance committee for the past two years. Robert Strauss, Carter's campaign chief and a former D.N.C. chairman, is said to be touting his own candidate: Lee Kling, finance chairman for the Carter-Mondale campaign. Other names bandied about include HUD Secretary Moon Landrieu, White House Aide Anne Wexler, and defeated Governor Bill Clinton of Arkansas.

Whoever becomes chairman does not merely face the task of uniting the party's warring factions. The new chief must also erase a $2 million deficit, overhaul fund-raising and organizing operations, and articulate the party's positions on the issues—in short, do what Bill Brock did for the Republicans during his four years as R.N.C. chairman. This is one reason that many Democrats are advising caution in filling the D.N.C. post. "We've got to move in a careful and considerate way to choose a chairman without a bloody fight," urges Wexler. Says one Kennedy intimate: "We want someone competent, willing to work for the party, and neutral." Adds a Mondale supporter: "Neither Kennedy nor Mondale wants this election to be the first primary of 1984."

Once a new chairman is picked, the



Party Chairman John C. White

Home to Muleshoe to await his future.

party will still be left with the critical task of recasting its philosophy to suit the times. Last week flamboyant New York Democratic Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan charged that the party had run out of ideas and was spouting only tired doctrine. Moynihan warned that a group of "extreme left-wing supporters" of Kennedy might impose their ideology on the party, and he contended that they believed "Government should be powerful, and America should be weak." Ronald Reagan could not have said it better.

Colleagues dismissed Moynihan's blast as "overspeak," as one put it, but many Democratic leaders are admitting that their party needs intellectual refurbishing. In coming months, some of them will surely be competing with Moynihan for a voice in that undertaking. California's independent-minded Governor Jerry Brown, for example, has been keeping a low profile in Sacramento since dropping out of the presidential race last April, but he expects to play a major role in redefining what the Democrats stand for. Says Brown: "The party needs new direction and dimension, and I'll help give it that."

Meanwhile, an unlikely group is attempting to help the Democrats reformulate their ideology. Emboldened by its success in helping defeat four Democratic liberal Senators this year, the National Conservative Political Action Committee announced last week that it has tentatively marked 20 more Senators, including 17 Democrats, for defeat in 1982. N.C.P.A.C.Chairman Terry Dolan admitted that by announcing the list—which includes Kennedy and Moynihan—so early, the organization hoped to nudge at least some of the legislators away from progressive positions. Warned Dolan: "Liberals ought to be very intimidated by the mood of the American public." ■

Ah, Wilderness! Ah, Development!

The Alaska land battle ends in a compromise

President Carter has called the issue "the conservation decision of the century." At stake were more than 100 million acres of virgin forest, magnificent mountains and prospective oilfields in the country's largest state. The future of Alaskan lands was also one of the most contentious environmental questions of the day. Conservationists maintained that Alaska's timbered coastline and tundra needed strong federal protection. Developers and businessmen, supported by Alaska's top elected officials, argued that the Federal Government should not lock up virgin land before its soil and mineral wealth could be assessed. After almost four years of warfare over how to balance economic and environmental interests, Congress last week finally passed an Alaska land bill.

The measure is a masterpiece of compromise. The House originally approved a bill in 1979, sponsored by Arizona Democrat Morris Udall, chairman of the House Interior Committee, that would have protected 127.5 million acres, about one-third of Alaska's land, an area larger than California and Maine combined. The bill was favored by many environmentalists, but it was blocked by Democratic Senator Mike Gravel, who wanted to ensure future development in his state.

Last summer the Senate offered a compromise bill, sponsored chiefly by Democrats Henry Jackson of Washington and Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts. Jackson declared: "The bill is balanced, the product of bipartisan effort. All the groups are a little bit mad, which proves that we were honest judges." Indeed, Gravel tried to filibuster the bill, but his Senate colleagues passed a cloture vote that shut off debate. When the bill passed, Jackson sent it along to the House with the warning: "It's that or nothing." Angered by what they considered to be strong-arm tactics, Udall and his supporters vowed to hold out for a more protectionist measure. But then Ronald Reagan was elected President. Udall admitted that the Senate bill was the "only legislative option." With that, the House last week passed the bill on a voice vote, reasoning that legislation more acceptable to environmental interests would never make it through a Republican Senate.

The bill as finally approved covers 104.3 million acres. It provides varying degrees of environmental protection to such national treasures as Admiralty Island, the Mount McKinley area, the Gates of the Arctic National Monument, and the William O. Douglas Arctic Wildlife Range, which is a calving ground for one of the largest caribou herds in the U.S. Of this land, 56.7 million acres have been designated as wilderness where logging, mining and motorized vehicles will be outlawed. The rest of the land will be open to some development, but only under stringent environmental safeguards. Out of Alaska's total of 377 million acres only 8% of the land will be completely closed to hunting, 20% to oil and gas exploration, and 34% to mining.

Many Alaskans are relieved that a bill of some sort has passed: they finally will gain full title to 150 million acres of land that they have been waiting to receive under the 1958 Statehood Act and the 1971 Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act. Says Republican Senator Ted Stevens: "I think there is an insatiable urge throughout Alaska to get our land." But the legislation itself is far from popular. Environmentalists are unhappy with provisions that permit oil and gas exploration on the Arctic Range, limited timber harvesting in southeastern Alaska, and some mining in the southeastern Misty Fjords area. Says Charles Clusen, chairman of the Alaska Coalition: "A lot of great and special places will be damaged or destroyed." On the other hand, entrepreneurs and many state officials object to the lockup of potentially valuable land. Says Gravel, whose inability to stop the Senate bill was a factor in his primary defeat last August: "The legislation denies Alaska its rights as a state, and denies the U.S. crucial strategic resources."

The fight may not be completely over. Udall plans to press for changes to protect such areas as Misty Fjords from mining. Don Young, Alaska's lone U.S. Representative, counters: "I hope we can come back in the next Congress and unlock more of our lands for mineral development." One person, however, is happy: President Carter, who had called the measure his "highest environmental priority." Said the President last week: "The crown jewels of Alaska's natural wonders are afforded protection." ■

"Absolute War in Our Streets"

Southern Florida: riots, refugees, and now a crime wave

HELP FIGHT CRIME: BUY GUNS, urge bumper stickers on cars along Miami's Flagler Street. To attract new depositors, the city's Lincoln Savings and Loan Association offers not toasters or blenders, but pocket cans of spray repellent. Newly acquired Doberman guard dogs growl inside increasing numbers of Dade County homes; sales of sophisticated burglar alarm systems and rudimentary iron bars for doors are booming. Says a Miami policeman: "Sometimes I think I'm in Dodge City."

Such are the signs of a crime wave that is surging through southern Florida. Crime rates are continuing to climb nationwide: in 1979, according to FBI statistics, the overall rate of serious crime (murder, robbery, forcible rape and theft) jumped 9% over 1978, and for the first six months of 1980 it rose by 10% over the same period last year. But southern Florida has a special problem. In Miami overall crime jumped 21% during the first half of 1980 over 1979 figures; the murder rate alone soared 70%, from 134 in all of 1979 to 201 so far this year. Says Miami Beach Commissioner Alex Daoud: "An absolute war is being fought in our streets at night."

At stake is more than just public safety. Miami has already been buffeted this year by race riots in its impoverished Liberty City district and by the influx of more than 100,000 Cuban refugees; the region cannot afford to let its image slip further. The lucrative winter resort season, which last year brought the state $16 billion, is about to begin again. Tales from the Miami police blotter have already reached Britain, which, at least until now, was expected to send a record 200,000 tourists to the state by year's end. Proclaimed the London *Daily Express* last month: "Florida's holiday paradise has become the holiday murder capital of the world."

Officials tick off familiar reasons for the crime epidemic, such as poverty (in Dade County—which includes Miami, Miami Beach and other communities—18% of the families live on annual incomes of less than $7,500) and a nonhomogeneous population (in Dade County 45% white, 38% Hispanic and 17% black). In addition, many blame the newly arrived Cubans and a shortage of police in the fast-growing region. Miami alone has 50 positions unfilled in its 650-member force.

Local authorities are taking a host of emergency measures to combat crime. The Miami city commission has budgeted $100,000 for an advertising program to attract 150 new police recruits. Though the Miami Beach city commission refused to approve a proposed 11 p.m. curfew, it did adopt a temporary ordinance that allows policemen to stop and frisk anyone suspected of having committed or intending to commit a crime. The commission also voted an interim ordinance against congregating "in a manner that blocks sidewalks or threatens the safety of property or persons," and closed the city's beaches and parks between 10 p.m. and sunrise during November.

Many southern Floridians continue to wage their own war on crime. Nearly two dozen merchants in Miami's downtown shopping district chip in $150 a month to fund nightly patrols of uniformed guards equipped with nightsticks. Citizens are flocking to local gun stores to arm themselves; in the twelve-month period ending Sept. 30, more than 40,000 handguns were sold in Dade County, up from 29,000 in the preceding twelve months. "Most customers are people like your mother," says one gun shop owner. "They're just average, everyday folks who want to continue to live."

Some of those "folks" are flocking to the Tamiami Range and Gun Shop, where Steve Tomlin, 29, teaches a $25 course on how to protect yourself with a gun. Since instruction began last May, more than 500 customers, mostly women, have taken the three-hour course. "I am here to teach you how to kill," says Tomlin to his students. For the first two hours, Tomlin lectures on state firearms laws and how to shoot intruders. Among his tips: use a .38-caliber pistol ("It's the best for getting the job done"); assume all burglars are armed; and never shoot someone on your lawn ("Wait for them to get inside before you open up"). Tomlin follows up with an hour of instruction on the range. "My sister's home was just broken into," says Albert Vidaud, 32, a Miami mailman, explaining why he and his wife Becky, 30, enrolled. "When that happened it really made me think. We put in extra locks, but I don't know if that's enough." Says Edna Buchanan, a crime reporter for the Miami *Herald*: "If everyone in Dade County took this course, it would certainly be a safer place to live."

So far this year, at least 32 suspected criminals have been shot to death by gun-toting citizens. After Joseph Petrillo, 35, shot and killed a 14-year-old suspected burglar caught ransacking his Carol City home, the boy's mother sobbed: "I can't blame the man. If somebody had been in my house and I had a gun, I might have shot him too."

But arming the populace is hardly the most sensible way to combat crime, and indeed may foster rather than prevent violence. As guns proliferate, quarrels that once finished with harsh words or punches now stand a greater chance of ending in bullets. Yet few southern Florida authorities are speaking out against the boom in gun ownership. In fact, many local policemen rather irresponsibly encourage residents to carry firearms. "If someone is confronted with a life-or-death situation," says Captain Marshall Frank of the Dade County department of public safety, "they should do anything to protect their lives."

Citizens would do better to follow the example of the 75,000 southern Floridians who belong to Citizens Crime Watch (C.C.W.), a nonprofit neighborhood corporation that works closely with local police departments. When a C.C.W. member spots a crime in progress, he telephones the police as well as his block captain and two other volunteers. Each of those three calls another three members, and so on until all the volunteers in the neighborhood are notified. Armed with pencils and notebooks instead of .38s, the crime watchers jot down details of the crime and suspects before the police arrive. Local authorities give the program high marks. "It's fantastic," says one South Miami policeman. "I wish I had a hundred of them." And without guns, the C.C.W. manages to be the area's most genuine example of law and order. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Michael Wallis/Miami*

GREENWOOD - GAMMA LIAISON

Miami Beach policeman frisks a passer-by

"Sometimes I think I'm in Dodge City," says one officer.

Americana

Bum Steers

Ever since John Travolta mounted a mechanical toro at Gilley's Club in Pasadena, Texas, suburban cowboys everywhere have been taking the bull by the horns. "It's a macho thing," says Jerry Willrich, manager of Gilley's Bronco Shop, which sells the El Toro machine to bars around the country for big bucks ($7,495). "A guy has to beat that machine and show off for his women." Manhood, however, has been riding for more than a few falls.

In New Orleans, the Ochsner Foundation Hospital has counted 41 injuries from barroom broncos since Aug. 1. Most victims come in with bruises, sprains and lacerations; one ex-rodeo rider broke his thumb. Faced with an epidemic, the Ochsner staff is compiling data to alert other doctors to "urban cowboy syndrome."

Spare a Dime?

It was an unusual convoy. Three armored tractor-trailers were bound from the Denver Mint to the Bank of America in San Francisco last week with a $2.6 million cargo. When they stopped for the night in Oakland, Calif., at the Edgewater-West Adult Motor Inn, known for its X-rated movies, three bandits broke into one of the trucks. The driver on guard saw them only in time to fire his revolver at a Lincoln Continental speeding away.

Missing were 26 sacks of money. But the bandits may be holding the bag in more ways than one. Their loot: 260,000 dimes. True, $26,000 will still buy a good deal, but unloading the shiny new dimes at banks would cause suspicion. The thieves may have to consider spending their money in mundane ways: toll booths, cigarette machines, newspaper racks, telephones. But can you call home again, . . . and again, . . . and again . . .?

Birds of a Feather

Christine Panek, a hospital worker who lives in Kennebunk, Me., was driving home a few weeks ago, when she saw an injured robin in the middle of the road. She took it home, nursed it to health, then hatched a plan to reunite her patient with its migrated friends.

Panek dialed Delta Airlines and asked officials if one of their big birds could wing the little fellow south. The airline, which advertises itself as "ready when you are," readied a small shipping box for the robin. The boxed bird caught a flight from Portland to Fort Myers, Fla., riding in the cockpit with the pilot. Once in Florida, the robin was greeted by members of the Fort Myers Nature Center, who made sure that it was healthy enough to be set free. "We've done this before," shrugs Delta Spokesman Bill Berry. "Once it was a pelican with a sore neck. He had to keep his head out of the box, and every time the flight attendant passed, he tried to pinch her."

Gimme Shelter

To many New Yorkers, Governor Hugh Carey looked a little undemocratic last week. Philip J. D'Arrigo, a Westchester County dentist, paid $48,000 last year for an acre of land adjacent to Carey's summer home on Shelter Island at the end of Long Island. Said D'Arrigo, 47: "I hope to hang up my drill in 15 years, live out there and go fishing." But when the dentist began constructing his 2½-story dream house 165 ft. away from Carey's, the state police certified that it posed a security hazard to the Governor. D'Arrigo refused a state offer of $107,000 for the plot, but he offered to lease the land to the state until Carey left office. New York officials turned down that proposal and moved to confiscate D'Arrigo's property under the power of eminent domain.

D'Arrigo fought back loudly and struck a nerve. Carey humbly said, "I regret if my position as Governor has been a burden to my neighbors"—and ordered the state to leave D'Arrigo's property alone. Back in Manhattan, Carey presumably lifted his spirits by planning to move himself—and two state police guards—into a new $500,000 duplex apartment on Park Avenue, more spacious than his current digs in a midtown hotel.

Great Expectorations

When the Government banned the use of poison traps eight years ago, Wyoming Wool Grower John Lye began losing about 10% of his sheep to coyotes. When he tried shooting them, they started attacking at night. Says Lye: "They have an uncanny instinct for trouble." Then he hit upon an exotic ploy. Lye got three llamas, those feisty beasts with keen eyesight, fearsome spit, a mean kick—and a passable resemblance to sheep. At first the coyotes were buffaloed. Every time they came down for a hit the llamas would spit, then stomp and slash with their front hooves. "For two weeks, they were effective," says Lye. "Then the coyotes figured them out. They are the shrewdest predator that there is."

The coyotes began sending a lone decoy to pull the llamas away from the sheep while the rest of the pack went in for the kill. After two months of the range war, the llamas just drifted off by themselves. Since their departure last spring, Lye has lost 32 sheep. Now Lye has a new plan: to raise a baby llama in a herd of sheep so that it will grow up fierce as a llama, but loyal as a lamb. And if that does not work? Says Lye: "I'm about ready to quit sheep growing and start raising llamas."

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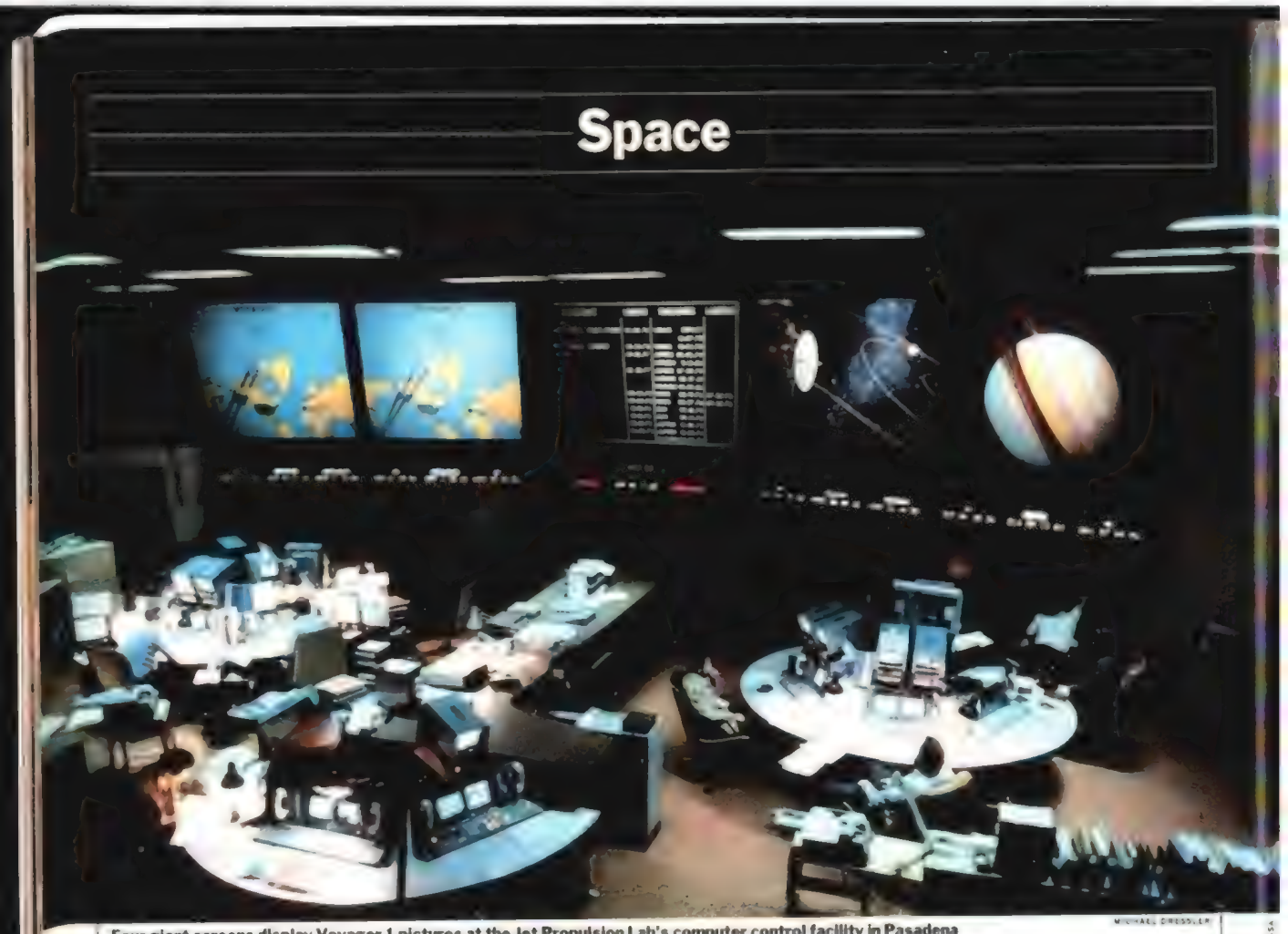


Four giant screens display Voyager 1 pictures at the Jet Propulsion Lab's computer control facility in Pasadena

MICHAEL DRESSLER

J.P.L.-NASA

COVER STORY

Visit to a Large Planet

A thousand rings round Saturn, icy moons and lakes of liquid nitrogen

"To think that no other person from Earth has ever seen Saturn and its rings so close!" Wilma said. "I wonder what Titan will be like?" "Well," Buck replied, "it won't be long now."

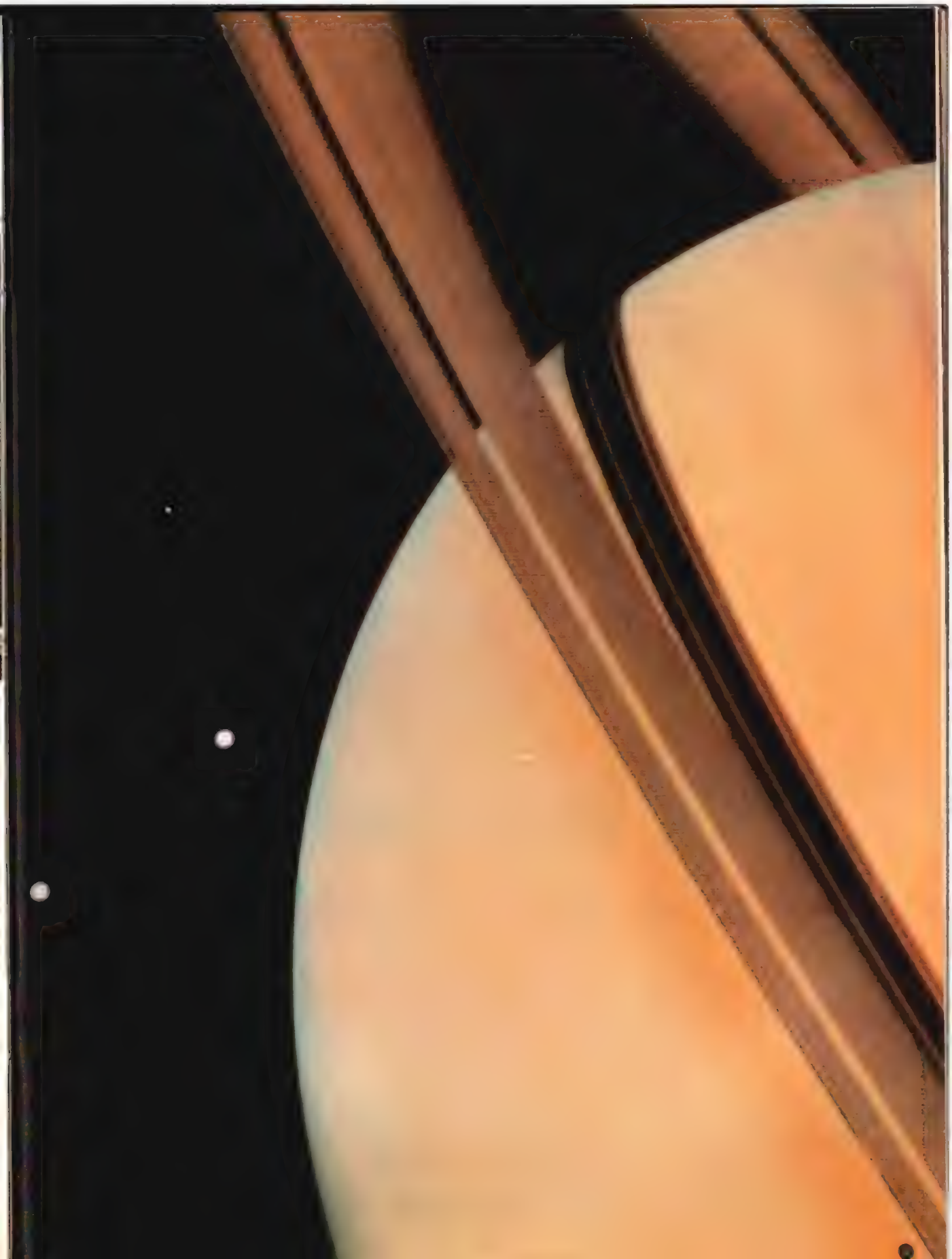
Last week, while earthlings nearly a billion miles away marveled as they monitored its progress, an all-seeing but unmanned spacecraft no larger than a compact car completed the final and most spectacular phase of an epochal journey. Beating Buck Rogers and the faithful Wilma, sci-fi heroes of the pre-*Star Trek* generation, by five centuries, Voyager 1 brushed past the ringed planet Saturn, second largest member of the sun's family, and provided the best images yet of that strange and wondrous world, a far-off realm in the solar system never before glimpsed with such glittering clarity. Said one scientist watching the incoming tide of images: "We have learned more about the Saturn system in the past week than in the entire span of recorded history."

Voyager 1's performance was the equal of the marvels it found. Commanded only by its own computers, the robot soared past the mysterious moon Titan, approaching to within 4,000 km (2,500 miles) of its shrouded surface. Gathering ever more speed under the tug of Saturnian gravity, it plunged downward toward the outer edge of Saturn's rings, swirling bits of cosmic debris. Reaching a peak velocity of 91,000 km (56,600 miles) per hour, Voyager skirted within 124,240 km (77,200 miles) of the planet's banded cloud tops for its nearest approach to Saturn.

All the while its instruments and television cameras blinked away furiously, almost as if they had a life of their own. So large did Saturn loom in the robot's probing electronic eyes that they could capture only small swatches of the planet's stormy atmosphere. The spacecraft executed its maneuvers with astonishing precision—near the climax of its long journey it was only 19 km (12 miles) off course. Finally, Voyager climbed upward, once again crossing just outside Saturn's rings. Casting backward glances with its cameras and instruments, it soared above the ecliptic—the plane formed by the paths of planets orbiting the sun—and headed out of the solar system to wander aimlessly among the stars.

Before last week's culmination of Voyager's odyssey, a two-day close encounter of the most extraordinary kind, Saturn was relatively unknown. It is a gigantic swirling gaseous ball, mostly hydrogen and helium, that could encompass 815

In Voyager 1 close-up, the golden globe of Saturn wears a dark belt of shadows cast by the planet's rings. The two bright spots are the moons Dione (left) and Tethys



earths, but even with the best telescopes and the most settled atmospheric conditions, it had never been seen as much more than a fuzzy yellow ringed sphere. Now, in a flash of binary bits across space, it had become a clearly recognizable place under the sun, with its own wonders, surprises and mysteries.

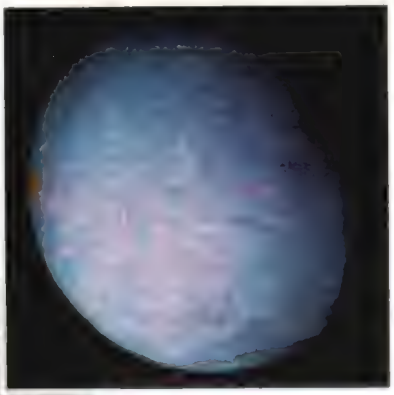
After only the most cursory study of Voyager's flood of data, scientists were staggered by a succession of discoveries. Many involved Saturn's rings, which until the recent finding of similar features around Uranus and Jupiter were thought to be unique. Before Voyager's visit only six Saturnian rings and a few gaps between them were known. Now there seem to be 1,000 rings or so. One of the so-called gaps may contain several dozen ringlets. Titan, the largest moon in the solar system, appears to be wrapped in a dense atmosphere of nitrogen vapors, rather than methane—the best guess before Voyager—and its surface may be awash in a cold sea of liquid nitrogen. Saturn's entourage of other satellites, until now no more than bright gleams in earthly telescopes, also proliferated—by three to at least 15. Chunks of ice and rock perhaps dating back to the birth of the solar system 4.6 billion years ago, these moons emerged as distinctive and different, showing scars from the millennial pounding of meteorites and possibly comets, as well as cracks from their own version of earthquakes. One pair of little moons travel in the same orbit within the rings of Saturn. They look like broken teeth and may be remains of some relatively recent cosmic carnage: two halves of a larger satellite that split apart in collision with another celestial body.

The nation, indeed the world, seemed ready for a heavenly break in the news, for a chance to contemplate an event above and beyond politics and oil, wars and revolutions. It took nearly 1½ hours for the spacecraft's first data about the moment of closest approach to reach earth. But at planetariums from Washington, D.C., to Portland, Ore., "near encounter" shows attracted overflow crowds. In Edinburg, Texas, students erected their own satellite antenna to hear NASA's special Saturn broadcasts.

Other nations were watching closely. On Japanese television, astronomers and space specialists took turns filling the airwaves with learned commentary on Voyager's progress. In Britain, television stations broadcast a drumbeat of bulletins on the mission. London's *Sunday Telegraph* hailed the achievement as "the most spectacular piece of space exploration since men stepped foot on the moon."

After taking time out to watch the special coverage of the flyby on public television, President Carter telephoned his congratulations to the NASA team for their space spectacular. He also had some cheering news for the men and women of Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in the foothills near Pasadena, who designed the spacecraft and control its mission. They fear that U.S. ambitions in interplanetary space may be rapidly dwindling, but the President announced the inclusion of $40 million in start-up funding in the fiscal 1982 budget for VOIR. That is an acronym for the Venus Orbiting Imaging Radar mission, a new project that had been eagerly sought by J.P.L., along with an unmanned probe to intercept Halley's comet when it returns in 1986. So far the U.S. has refused to authorize the tantalizing mission to the comet. Said J.P.L. Director Bruce Murray after the President's announcement: "We can use the money."

Praise for his lab was well deserved.



A trio of Saturn's 15 known moons: Dione, at left, is 750 miles in diameter and bears puzzling pale scars on the hemisphere opposite its direction of travel. Mimas, above, 220 miles across, is pockmarked by craters, probably a sign of great age. Enceladus, tinted blue at the Jet Propulsion Lab to emphasize detail, has a diameter of 320 miles. It appears relatively smooth, suggesting that topographical scars have been healed by melting. Saturn's moons are made almost entirely of ice.

By any measure, Voyager 1 is a superb technological achievement. It is a stunning example of a machine's ability to be programmed to operate on its own, without human "joy-sticking," as the NASA people put it, from folks on the ground. Voyager 1 is even capable of making its own repairs and correcting navigational errors by itself.

With the reconnaissance of Saturn, the U.S. has completed a close-up inspection of all the planets visible to the ancients, before the advent of the telescope. During this past decade, robot spacecraft provided the first look at the parched, cratered surface of Mercury, the sun's nearest planet. With cameras and radar they inspected cloud-shrouded Venus, a hot, almost hellish sphere with a surface temperature of about 480° C (900° F) and a crushingly thick atmosphere of carbon dioxide. From both overhead and on the ground they surveyed Mars, finally laying to rest the myth that canals exist on the Red Planet. Two Viking landers even sampled the Martian soil in hopes of detecting biological activity. (Edgar Rice Burroughs notwithstanding, they found not a trace of life.) Reaching farther into space, unmanned envoys from earth approached mighty Jupiter, largest of the planets. Back came stunning color portraits of that multihued sphere and close-ups of the Jovian moons, including tiny Io, which was caught in the act of surprising volcanic eruptions. Says Astronomer Carl Sagan: "I can't imagine anyone remaining blasé in the face of such accomplishments."

Voyager 1's three years of space exploration were the result of more than ten years of preparation. The original idea grew out of a rare astronomical event that would occur in the late 1970s. Once every 175 years during their slow travels around the sun, the large outer planets —Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune —line up almost like a column of toy soldiers. Using their gravitational pull, scientists calculated, a spacecraft could, literally, hop from one planet to another, eventually flying past all of them. In late 1970 NASA officials, still basking in the glow of the moon landings, decided to take advantage of the unusual planetary configuration by staging what became known as the Grand Tour, a visit to all these planets, if possible by the end of the 1980s.

The scheme required electronic components of such durability that they could survive in the cold, hostile environment of space for the mission's entire twelve-year duration. Because it would have to range so far from the sun that the solar system's great central fire would be no more than a faint glow in the darkness of space, the ship could not be solar powered. The answer: a miniature nuclear power plant that converted the heat produced by the radioactive decay of plutonium directly into electricity. Most challenging of all, the spacecraft had to be able to react to emergencies without human help. If its small directional-control rockets accidentally began firing in the vicinity of Uranus, for example, a warning signal, traveling at the speed of light, would take about three hours to reach earth 3 billion km (2 billion miles) away. By that time the ship might have exhausted its precious fuel, wrecking the mission. To avert such a breakdown, J.P.L. began designing on-board computer systems that could check out spacecraft functions and, if necessary, command corrections entirely on their own.

Scientists found the journey to the outer reaches of the solar system the most exciting kind of exploration. But the Grand Tour soon lost the war of the budgetary worlds to more favored space agency projects, notably the still delayed space shuttle. In 1972 the Grand Tour was, as Voyager Project Manager Raymond Heacock puts it in NASA jargon, "rescoped"; what had started out as a plan to survey all the major outer planets was reduced to less costly inspection of just two: Jupiter and Saturn. The initial work was not all wasted, however. Much of the proposed Grand Tour hardware went into Voyager, including the long-lived components, the nuclear power pack and the array of self-correcting computers. In addition, so much functional overlap was built into the ship that if there was a failure in one component, another would often be available to perform its duties.

Voyager reached Saturn with ten different scientific instruments functioning, ranging from cosmic-ray detectors and magnetometers (for measuring the

"Ears," Rings and Cassini's Gap

No one can say what keen-eyed observer in the dawn of history first picked out Saturn as a planet, or heavenly wanderer, from the dizzying background of myriad fixed stars. Probably the first stargazers to leave a record of Saturn's appearance in different parts of the night sky were the Sumerians.

They lived in southern Mesopotamia about 5,000 years ago and, according to George Michanowsky, a scholar of cuneiform writing, they called the planet Sag-Ush, regarding it as a male fertility symbol. The Babylonians, who eventually ruled over that part of Mesopotamia, watched the heavens from the tops of their ziggurats. To them Saturn was known as Kaiamanu (the steadfast one), possibly because, in contrast to nearer planets, it moved so slowly across the skies. Kaiamanu was generally associated with the death of cattle, and other calamities. Perhaps in hopes of better luck, one of the names the Egyptians later gave Saturn was Horus the Bull.

The fiery imagination of the Greeks created more elaborate tales about the golden planet. The Greeks called it Cronus, after the evil-tempered son of Earth and Heaven, who married his sister Rhea and devoured five of his own children because he feared them as rivals. Finally, when Zeus, the sixth, was born, Rhea tricked Cronus into swallowing a stone instead. After he was dethroned by Zeus (who became the king of the gods), Cronus went off to rule another kingdom, where he reformed his ways and taught people the secrets of planting. The Romans knew Cronus as Saturn, and as a god of fertility and planting. Every Dec. 17 they staged the Saturnalia in his honor. At this time there was gift giving, drinking and wenching and suspension of punishment for criminals.

Some ancients also watched the planets out of sheer intellectual curiosity. Ptolemy, one of the greatest of the Greek astronomers, wanted nothing more than to explain the eccentric wanderings of the five known planets: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. Why, for example, did Saturn seem at times to forge ahead of Jupiter in the sky, and at other times lag behind it? To fit this movement into the prevailing earth-centered view of his day, Ptolemy assembled meticulous records of planetary movements. In A.D. 140, he made a good guess about Saturn. Because of its slow pace, he deduced that it lay in the most distant of the heavenly spheres. Thus astrology gave way to astronomy.

Dutch Astronomer Huygens

It took another 1,400 years, and the invention of the telescope, before Saturn was really established as a planet. In July of 1610, Italian Astronomer Galileo Galilei contemplated Saturn through a new, 8-power spyglass. He was stunned. The familiar planet seemed to have sprouted ears or handles. Galileo assumed that Saturn's ears were moons like those of Jupiter, which he had discovered only a few months earlier. But when he looked again, some time later, he got another surprise: the moons had vanished. Whimsically, he asked: "Has Saturn, perhaps, devoured his own children?"

Half a century passed before Galileo's question was answered. In a 1659 treatise, *Systema Saturnium*, Dutch Astronomer Christiaan Huygens correctly deduced that the ears of Saturn were a distinct ring, disconnected from the parent planet and slightly tilted as observed from the earth. From a terrestrial perspective the ears would periodically vanish because the angle of vision changed during Saturn's voyage around the sun. A superb telescope-maker, Huygens also discovered Saturn's largest moon, Titan, and calculated the time it took the ringed planet to make a single journey around the sun (nearly 30 years). Wryly, Huygens speculated about the people who might inhabit these cold distant worlds: "It is impossible but that their way of living must be very different from ours," he wrote, "having such tedious winters."

The other great pioneer among Saturn watchers was the 17th century Italian-French astronomer Jean Dominique Cassini. He located and named four more satellites (Iapetus, Rhea, Dione and Tethys). But Cassini's place in the heavens, and in the history of astronomy, rests on the discovery of a gap in what was then presumed to be a solid, opaque ring around Saturn. Other moons, as well as rings, were added in the intervening centuries, bringing the number up to a dozen. It took Voyager 1 to reveal that the "Cassini division" was not a gap, but many more rings.

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Box or Menthol:

10 packs of Carlton have less tar than 1 pack of...

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Kent	11	0.9
Kool	16	1.3
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Virginia Slims	16	1.0

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Benson & Hedges Lights 100's	11	0.8
Pall Mall Light 100's	10	0.8
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1

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Less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic. Carlton Menthol—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.

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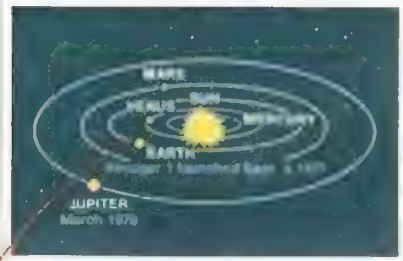
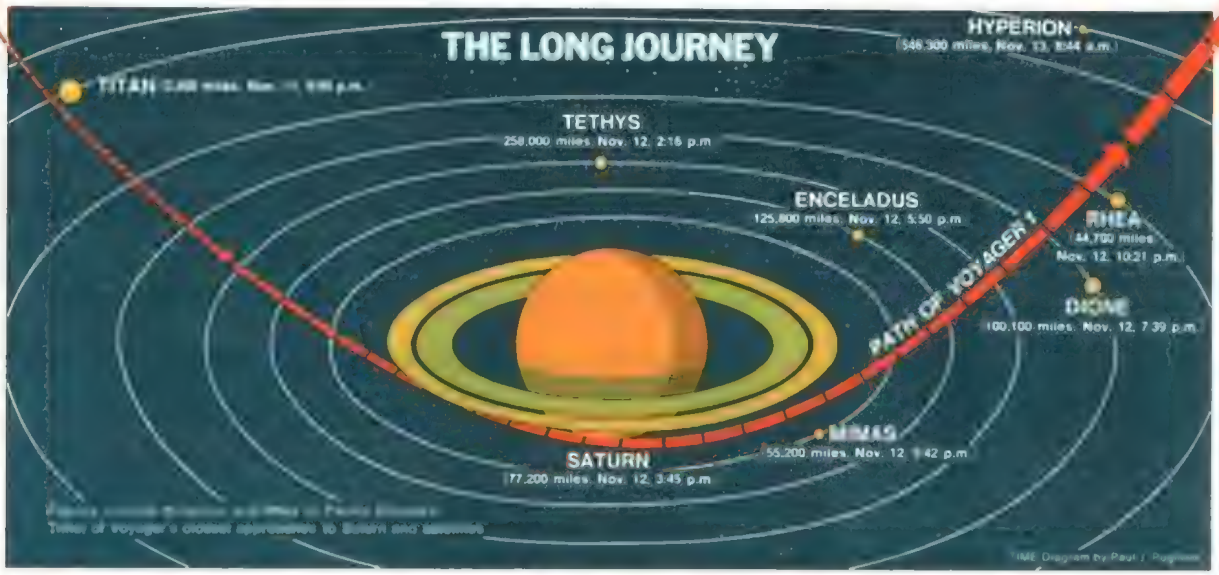


strength of magnetic fields in space) to infrared and ultraviolet spectrometers (used for remote temperature readings and the search for key chemicals). Only one instrument, the photopolarimeter, had failed. By beaming radio signals through planetary clouds and atmospheres, the spacecraft can also use its radio transmitters for scientific investigation. The effect of particles on radio signals, for example, provides clues to such things as the density and makeup of an atmosphere.

Voyager's most useful instruments may be two high-resolution television cameras, one with a wide-angle lens, the other telephoto. The cameras can be pointed in virtually any direction—up, down, to the side, even backward. Their optics are so precise that the cameras can spot features only five miles across from a distance of a million miles. To produce color images, the cameras make successive scans through red, green and blue filters. Transmitted back to earth as three separate sets of signals, the pictures are reassembled by computer from the digital data and combined on color film.

As Voyager 1 soared past Saturn, its eyes constantly twisted and turned, switching their attention back and forth from Saturn itself to its satellites and rings. As a consequence, the scientists watching the television monitors inside J.P.L.'s Building 264 found the images more often than not cropping up on target exactly in the center of their screens. The secret of this wizardry lies in the lobes of Voyager's electronic brains. Hours before last week's near encounter, the computer memory banks of Voyager 1 were "sequenced" with a series of explicit instructions radioed from earth. So precisely did Voyager 1 carry out these orders that none of its multitude of observations arrived more than 46 seconds off schedule.

Though Voyager 1 was launched from Cape Canaveral, Fla., in 1977, two weeks after an identical twin, Voyager 2, it followed a less curved trajectory and reached Saturn nine months ahead of the other ship. Voyager 2 is not scheduled to pass Saturn until next August. Because it is taking such a different trajectory, Voyager 2 will be able to study some of the moons that had to be bypassed during last week's encounter. It will also be able to sail on to Uranus in 1986 and Neptune in 1989. Thus, if the spacecraft's instruments are still functioning, J.P.L. scientists and engineers may eventually achieve a Grand Tour after all.



Even if those ambitions are not realized, Voyager 1's conquest of Saturn is already providing an unexpectedly rich scientific payoff from the $500 million program. Almost as soon as the spacecraft began closing on the Saturnian system, the pace of discovery accelerated dramatically. As early as last August, Voyager 1's cameras picked up a red spot in Saturn's southern hemisphere. Another one soon showed in the northern hemisphere. Though these features remind scientists of Jupiter's Great Red Spot, a great whirling storm that has lasted for at least three centuries, Saturn's spots are smaller, perhaps only 12,000 km (7,500 miles) in diameter. Saturn's atmosphere seems at least as violent as Jupiter's. NASA scientists estimate winds at upwards of 1,300 km (800 miles) per hour.

Saturn's rings also yielded puzzling new findings. Barely had Voyager 1's cameras zeroed in on these thin, elegant discs than scientists spotted two new moons no more than 600 km (370 miles) across at the edge of the ring system. They were designated S-13 and S-14, because they are the 13th and 14th to be discovered. S-13 circles Saturn just outside the so-called F-ring, which is about 80,000 km (50,000 miles) from the planet's cloud tops —the gaseous sphere has no real surface. S-14 revolves just inside that ring. Like dogs herding sheep along a narrow road, the outer moon seems to be keeping ring particles from flying off into space, while the inner moon stops them from falling toward Saturn—as one scientist put it, "controlling an unruly flock."

In pre-Voyager days, astronomers counted no more than about half a dozen rings, all presumed to be composed of icy debris, including snowballs the size of Volkswagens. Though the rings stretched tens of thousands of miles out from the planet, they seemed to be only one or two miles thick. The existence of the F-ring, inferred from sketchy data provided by Pioneer 11, a more primitive spacecraft, was hardly more than a suspicion before Voyager 1. But as the spacecraft's cameras scanned Saturn in ever greater detail, there was an explosive increase in the number of rings visible. Even before the craft passed below the ring plane, the scientists talked of some 90 or so rings. Four days later, when Voyager had started scanning from the underside of the rings, the total rose to at least 500 and perhaps a thousand. The existence of one apparently new ring was deduced in a novel way, from the shadow it cast on the moonlet halves occupying the same orbit.

As more pictures came in, Saturn's

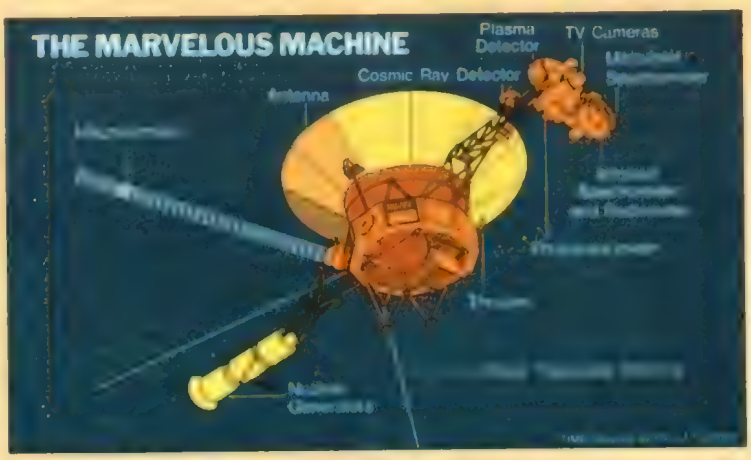
many-splendored rings began looking more and more like grooves in a celestial gold record. Even the Cassini division, a dark area first noticed three centuries ago and once thought to be the only gap in an otherwise solid surface, suddenly showed rings within it. At least two other rings were spotted slightly off center, like wobbly wheels on an old car, a curious and as yet inexplicable quirk. To complicate matters, near the outer edge of Saturn's phonograph disc, the F-ring shows sinewy strands of material that look as if they had been twisted into braiding. Equally perplexing, spokes seem to form in some regions of the rings as the material whirls out from the planet's shadow. Such aggregations of particles—apparently very tiny ones, judging from the way they reflect sunlight—should be quickly ripped apart, like a spoonful of sugar being stirred in a cup of coffee. Yet somehow the spokes survive for hours at a time, almost as if they were intentionally setting out to destroy scientific theories about the rings. Says University of Arizona Astronomer Bradford Smith, chief of Voyager's photointerpretation team: "Those spokes are giving us nightmares!"

The golden planet's previously known major moons, all of them named for mythological figures remotely linked with Saturn, the Roman god of agriculture, also presented surprises and mysteries. Though Titan's thick cloud cover disappointingly permitted not even a glance at the satellite's surface, infrared probing yielded chilly temperatures that may drop to −183° C (−300° F) near the surface. Those readings, along with data from other instruments, could not be explained by the thick concentrations of methane that earth observers had expected. Instead, scientists now conclude, the atmosphere is dominated by nitrogen, with only a smattering of methane (less than 1%) along with such hydrocarbons as propane, ethylene, ethane and acetylene, and topped by a Los Angeles–type photochemical smog. These conditions remind scientists of what is known about the condition of earth more than 3 billion years ago, but of an early earth locked in a deep freeze. Despite the presence of more complex organic compounds, like hydrogen cyanide, Titan now appears to be too cold for the life-building processes that some scientists hoped might be occurring there.

Other moons examined by Voyager 1 were far less shy in revealing themselves. Tiny Mimas is dominated on one side by a large crater that stares out like the ominous billboard eye in *The Great Gatsby*. Had the object that caused the crater been much larger, its impact might have shattered Mimas. Its other side is heavily pockmarked with small craters, indicating that it is a relatively old celestial body. Yet Mimas' companion Enceladus displays a less dramatic topography. Scientists speculate that some mysterious heat source, perhaps created by gravitational stresses, has softened its icy surface and smoothed out cracks and craters.

The surface of Tethys, a middle-size Saturnian moon, is cut by a strange, sinuous trench, perhaps the result of a sharp blow delivered on the opposite side of its globe, which is dappled with craters and highlands. Dione resembles the earth's moon, marked by all sorts of craters, big and little, features that look like our moon's "seas," and ice flows, rills and highlands. Iapetus, one of the most curious of Saturn's moons—one hemisphere is five or six times as bright as the other—was seen only from a vast distance.

Perhaps the most stunning new spacescape was presented by Rhea, named after Saturn's mythological wife-sister. Voyager 1 approached so close, less than 72,000



The bowl-shaped antenna carried above Voyager 1's ten-sided body is 12 ft. in diameter. At 825 kg (1,820 lbs.), the whole machine weighs less than a Ford Escort. It moves through frictionless space effortlessly from its initial thrust, sometimes affected by the gravitational pull of planets, but able to correct its course with blasts from small thruster rockets. The most complex cluster of equipment is housed forward near its two TV cameras, and includes an infrared radiometer that measures the heat of planets and spectrometers to analyze composition of the atmosphere. The magnetometers for locating and measuring magnetic fields are carried on the opposite side of the antenna, on a derrick-like boom (13m, 43 ft.), to keep them free from magnetic distortion. Power to run all this equipment comes from three cylindrical plutonium generators carried below the spacecraft to keep the radiation from affecting the instruments.

km (45,000 miles) away, that Rhea's features showed with crystalline sharpness. It too looked like the earth's moon, but its craters are so densely packed that U.S. Geological Survey Planetary Geologist Larry Soderblom called them "shoulder-to-shoulder craters, falling on top of each other."

Last week's surprises were only the beginning. NASA scientists expect their lode of data to yield discoveries for months to come. The advanced computer-enhancement techniques developed at J.P.L. for processing color photographs permit researchers to mute or intensify colors to help bring out the faintest details. It was during a photographic fine-tuning session, while he was rerunning fairly distant views of Saturn on the TV screen, that J.P.L. Scientist Stewart Collins, working with David Carlson, a visiting student from Drexel University, discovered the planet's 13th and 14th moons.

As Voyager 1 sped off last week, casting over-the-shoulder cinematic looks back at Saturn, the incredible machine was headed for one last major assignment before going into deep space, where, after its power runs out, it will drift forever in silence. By measuring the flow of solar particles, Voyager will seek to determine where the sun's influence ends and that of the stars begins —in short, to establish the exact outer boundary of our solar system. Still, as exciting as such quests may seem, they come at a time of dwindling Government interest in space exploration.

The only planetary probe now on the drawing boards at J.P.L. is Project Galileo, a scheme to place in orbit around Jupiter a semipermanent observatory. Scheduled for launch in 1984, Galileo is likely to be delayed. Its launch vehicle is the space shuttle. But that much troubled enterprise, plagued by engine problems and difficulties with its crucial heat-shielding, may not make its first orbital test flight before next summer.

The shuttle's problems are also a source of grief to planners of another major scientific effort: the placing in orbit around earth of a ten-ton, 96-in. space telescope. Scanning the heavens above the obscuring atmosphere, and radioing back its findings, the robot telescope could greatly extend astronomy's observable universe, allowing stargazers to see farther and deeper into space. The telescope might even be able to pick out the faint traces of planets orbiting nearby stars.

Until now, says J.P.L.'s Murray, the U.S. has been the unquestioned leader in such activities. Interplanetary space, he notes, has been virtually "an American lake." But he and others fear that with the dearth of new programs, the U.S. could lose ground—especially in relation to the U.S.S.R., which space experts, like military men, are concerned about. Although the Soviets have not fared well in their unmanned explorations, except for landings on Venus, they are surpassing the U.S. in manned space projects. By launching men into orbit every few months, they have accumulated nearly twice as many man-hours in earth orbit as the U.S. Warns Senator Harrison Schmitt, a geologist and former astronaut soon to become chairman of the Senate's space subcommittee: "The Russians are ahead on the knowledge of how people can perform in space, and they are ahead on will and purpose."

Both he and Murray are pressing Ronald Reagan's incoming Administration to pay more attention to space. In an attempt to convince Washington that there is a large popular constituency for space programs, Murray has joined with Sagan in forming a new lobbying effort, called the Planetary Society, that will seek to promote—as "the ultimate adventure" —exploration of the solar system, the search for planets and attempts to communicate with extraterrestrial life.

Pressure for a greater role in space is also coming from the military. Fearing Soviet strides in the development of killer satellites and other threatening products of space technology, the Pentagon is looking for new ways to meet this challenge. One tactic has been to tap the resources of such places as J.P.L. Says Pentagon Research and Engineering Chief William Perry: "The Russians regularly build more tanks and planes than we do. The only option open to us is exploiting our technological advantages. An area of tremendous advantage is space."

It is peaceful exploration that most excites scientists. Sorties into the unknown are often dismissed as wasteful, especially in a time of economic trouble. Yet space exploration has already paid for itself many times over. Many technological developments—miniature electronics, microwave ovens, live TV broadcasts via satellite—can be traced to NASA-sponsored research. More benefits will surely follow as NASA expands the understanding of earth's solar system. The technology used in Voyager 1's independent intelligence could be adapted to robots that might replace divers in the dangerous work of deep-sea oil drilling. Learning about climate and conditions on distant worlds may instruct mankind in how to take better care of this fragile planet. But aside from such practical spin-offs, the exploration of space is in the very grandest of human traditions, profoundly stirring for its own sake. Carl Sagan says it well: "The exploratory instinct is deeply built into us and possibly an important part of the success of ourselves as a species." With the performance of Voyager 1, that instinct is thriving. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jerry Hannifin and Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles*

The giant moon Titan enveloped in a misty, photochemical smog—shown in false blue

Before oblivion in deep space, a chance to establish the outer boundary of the solar system.

PERSIAN GULF

An Answer for Tehran

The U.S. responds to Iran's hostage demands as a stalled war drags on

"It's up to the Iranians." So said a visibly saddened President Carter last week at an impromptu press conference at the White House. It was his discouraging answer to a question about whether Tehran had reacted to a formal U.S. response to Iranian conditions for releasing the 52 American hostages. Two days earlier, a U.S. delegation, led by Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, had flown to Algiers with a carefully formulated written statement of the American position. Acting as go-betweens, Algerian officials received the document and delivered it to Tehran. At week's end the chaotic regime of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini was still mulling over its next move. Whatever that might be, there was little hope now that the hostages would be freed in the immediate future. At Wiesbaden, West Germany, staffers at the U.S. Air Force hospital relaxed their guard after weeks of preparing for the hostages' arrival. As the President ruefully put it: "I've had a timetable in mind for more than a year that never has been reached."

Christopher (left) with U.S. delegates in Algiers

Though its exact contents remained secret, the U.S. message presumably contained a pledge of noninterference in Iranian affairs and agreement to unfreeze $13 billion in U.S.-held Iranian assets. That would satisfy two of the four demands issued on Nov. 2 by Iran's parliament, the Majlis. But as Christopher and his colleagues painstakingly explained to their Algerian hosts, constitutional and legal restraints would make it difficult for the Federal Government to carry out the other two demands: the cancellation of all U.S. claims against Iran and the return of the late Shah's wealth to Tehran. Washington policymakers made it clear that Christopher's message went as far as possible in meeting the Iranian terms within the bounds of the U.S. legal system and the national honor. Describing the U.S. response, Secretary of State Edmund Muskie said, "It's comprehensive, it's thoughtful, it's positive. So, the question is whether they are convinced that that's the limit beyond which we can't go."

Iraq's Saddam Hussein talking tough

An Iraqi soldier takes aim through a broken window in Khorramshahr

"Twisting Iran's arm in order to wrench our rights."

The initial reaction of key Iranian officials was not encouraging. Ali Reza Nobari, the American-educated governor of Iran's central bank, described the American reply as "cool to us" and doubted that U.S. law was a real obstacle to satisfying all the demands. Ayatullah Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, leader of the hard-lining Islamic Republican Party, threatened again that if the U.S. response was deemed unsatisfactory, the Majlis would have to decide whether to try the hostages as spies

Few Iranian officials seemed to share President Abolhassan Banisadr's eagerness to settle the hostage crisis and get on with their desperate struggle against Iraq. From embattled Dezful in Khuzistan province, Banisadr said last week that the sooner the Americans were released, the quicker Iran could obtain foreign resources —presumably including U.S. military spare parts. Said he: "During a war, time is a decisive element."

As far as the war is concerned, time may now be on Iran's side. Iraqi hopes for a swift victory have dissolved with the season's first rainstorms. Artillery and armor encampments are digging in for a long winter siege as the dusty plain along the front lines becomes transformed into mud flats and marshes. Supply roads have been constructed to deliver fuel and equipment to Iraqi forces bogged down outside the Iranian towns of Dezful and Ahwaz.

Despite heavy casualties on both sides, the week's fighting produced no real change in the deadlocked contest. In the north, the Iraqi-occupied town of Qasr-e-Shirin was reportedly subjected to fierce Iranian counterattacks; Baghdad did not refute claims by Tehran radio that 350 Iraqi soldiers were killed there last week. Along the disputed Shatt al Arab waterway, Iraqi forces in Khorramshahr have been plagued by sporadic sniper attacks. Some Iraqi soldiers succeeded in crossing the Karun River, but a final assault on the besieged refinery center of Abadan is still blocked by Iranian resistance. Tehran also claimed last week that Iraqi units had been driven several

miles back from their bridgehead on the Bahmanshir River, east of Abadan.

Iranian jets were reported to have struck at targets in northern Iraq as well as the Persian Gulf port of Fao. One Iranian plane was shot down by the Iraqis over Kuwaiti territory after firing two rockets at a northern border post. Kuwait formally protested the incident, which marked the first time a neighboring country had been directly touched by the hostilities. King Khalid declared that "Saudi Arabia will come to Kuwait's aid against any danger it is exposed to."

Iraqi President Saddam Hussein, who apparently anticipated a quick and easy victory when his forces invaded Iran on Sept. 22, is now seeking to prepare his country for a long struggle. Saddam celebrated the Islamic new year last week by anointing Iraq's fight to regain the Shatt al Arab from Iran as "a holy war against treachery and injustice." He invited all patriotic Iraqis, including those over 65, to volunteer for military service and vowed to keep "twisting Iran's arm in order to wrench our rights."

Saddam also moved to shore up his forces in a more pragmatic way. For the second time since the war began, he sent Deputy Prime Minister Tareq Aziz to Moscow to seek arms. The Soviets, despite a 1972 friendship treaty with Baghdad, have been reluctant to send military equipment to Iraq since the outbreak of hostilities. One reason for the foot dragging: Moscow's concern that both superpowers remain neutral in the conflict. Some supplies continue to arrive from France, however.

While Iraq was beginning to feel an arms and ammunition pinch, Iran has been hard hit by fuel shortages. With most of its major refineries crippled or destroyed, Tehran is said to have lost as much as 75% of its normal oil production. Civilians have had to cope with rationing of gasoline, heating oil and electricity. Widespread hoarding has forced the government to begin rationing sugar and other staples.

Hopes for a diplomatic settlement fluttered ever so feebly last week. Tehran's Supreme Defense Council requested clarification about the details of a peace plan sponsored by seven Third World countries that it had previously rejected. The council also agreed to accept a visit this week from a United Nations peace delegation headed by former Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme—"provided he comes on a fact-finding mission only," said a Tehran spokesman.

But Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i offered what sounded like the definitive word, when at week's end he flatly declared that his government "will not accept any mediation and will not negotiate peace with Iraq." It was difficult to imagine what Palme—or any mortal diplomat—might accomplish under such circumstances. *—By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by William Drozdiak/Baghdad and Gregory Wierzynski/Washington*

Ghost Town on the Gulf

Khorramshahr was once a bustling port with a population of 150,000. Weeks of fierce house-to-house fighting between Iran's fanatical Revolutionary Guards and Iraqi infantrymen have turned it into a ghost town, as its inhabitants have fled inland to the safety of mountain camps or bolted across the contested Shatt al Arab waterway to seek refuge in Basra. On a tour of Khorramshahr last week, TIME *Correspondent William Drozdiak found very few signs of life; emaciated dogs foraged for scraps in the rubble, swarthy Iraqi soldiers lounged in the shade as they listened to the echo of sporadic shelling in what was left of Abadan (pop. 300,000), seven miles away. Drozdiak's report:*

Iraq now has uncontested control of Khorramshahr, up to the banks of the Karun River. But the seemingly endless rows of pockmarked or gutted houses provide vivid proof that the door-to-door fighting was bitter and bloody. Iraqi soldiers recount with incredulity how Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini's zealous guardsmen, after their ammunition was exhausted, persisted in fighting to the death with sticks and knives. Said an Iraqi major who conducted some of the mop-up operations: "They were crazy. Many of them wore a gold key around their necks. They said they were told by Khomeini that the key would unlock the door to heaven in the next life."

Pushed across the Karun River by the Iraqi onslaught, some Revolutionary

Iraqi soldiers move through bombed-out building on the outskirts of Khorramshahr

Guards tried to sneak back under cover of darkness to set up sniper posts and slay as many Iraqi soldiers as they could, until they were flushed out. The Iraqis say they have now set up security patrols that will shoot anything that moves on the banks of the Karun. Boasts a brigadier general: "Not even a rat can get across the water now."

Along the bumpy roads leading from the Iraqi border to Khorramshahr, trees and broken telephone poles are strewn alongside the wreckage of burnt vehicles. At Khorramshahr's gutted railroad station, Iraqi soldiers use wall portraits of Ayatullah Khomeini for target practice. At the huge port sprawling along the Shatt al Arab, stacks of mammoth loading containers, stripped of their spoils by Iraqi invaders, are tangled with rusted steel pipes and charred, broken cranes. In makeshift barracks built under pylons, a few off-duty soldiers nap or thumb through magazines to pass the idle time.

On the roof of an abandoned post office at the edge of the Karun River, Iraqi soldiers point to Iranian outposts a few hundred yards away. In the distance, thick plumes of smoke arise from the burning oil refinery at Abadan. An Iraqi private describes how the remaining Iranian defenders have split into three- and four-man sniper squads. Some of the squads have attempted "hit and run" mortar assaults from the south bank of the Karun. An Iraqi general predicts that Abadan could fall within a week, depending on the intransigence of the Iranian holdouts and the willingness of the Iraqis to take sizable losses.

"We have them surrounded on four sides, with some of our troops only one or two kilometers away from the town's center," says the general, waving his swagger stick for emphasis. "We have cut all supplies, and we think we can starve them into surrendering. But if necessary, we are ready to commit our ground forces to take Abadan as soon as we get orders from Baghdad." He takes a swig of fruit juice, wipes his mouth, and rubs his hands with relish. "And then," he adds with a serene smile, "victory will come at last."

BRITAIN

Getting a Foot in the Door

The deeply split Labor Party elects a leftist unifier

It was a surprising switch of political allegiances that illustrated a desperate search for some semblance of party unity. Last week the moderate old guard of the British Labor Party suddenly turned and joined the aggressive left wing to elevate Michael Foot, 67, to the post of party leader to succeed James Callaghan. Foot handily defeated Denis Healey, 63, the party's right-wing standard-bearer, by a vote of 139 to 129 in a poll of Labor Members of Parliament. A militant socialist, Foot is not only an opponent of Britain's terms of membership in the European Community, but also an advocate of unilateral nuclear disarmament, who has vowed to send U.S. cruise missiles "back to Washington." Not since the Depression in the 1930s had Laborites reached so far left for their leader and potential Prime Minister.

Still, it was Foot's stance as a party peacemaker, rather than leftist ideologue, that made his victory possible. For one thing, Healey's brilliant but abrasive personality had created a host of enemies, while Foot's genial ways had won him friends across the political spectrum. But the overriding reason that many moderate and even right-wing M.P.s opted for Foot was to avert an explosive crisis that has been shaping up in the deeply divided party.

Party regulars reckoned that if Healey won last week's election, Labor could not have avoided an internal battle next year after a special party conference in January establishes a new electoral college to choose the party leader. The college will be dominated by the left-wing local parties and powerful unions. Running under the new rules, Healey might have been beaten by the divisive champion of the party's radical left, M.P. Tony Benn. As it is, the popular Foot is expected to preempt Benn's challenge and sail through the next leadership election virtually unopposed. If he becomes Prime Minister any time soon, the relationship between Washington and London would be strained. A much greater philosophical contrast than that between Foot and U.S. President-elect Ronald Reagan cannot readily be imagined.

But the ideological splits inside the Labor Party run deep, and Foot must first reconcile the mostly moderate M.P.s with the increasingly strident radicals gaining strength at the grass roots. That is a monumental task for a politician of great charm but less vigor, of coruscating rhetoric but lamentable lack of administrative skill. Even Foot's appearance arouses more affectionate regard than confidence in a strong leader. A frail figure at 67, with a flowing white mane and a slight limp, he exudes a benign vagueness in conversation. It did not help his image on his first day as leader when he tripped on the steps of the House of Commons and broke his ankle.

His first appearance as the opposition leader in the Commons drew some derisive cheers from the Tories for a different reason. The Conservatives welcomed his election, because they calculated that a Foot-led Labor Party would have less chance of defeating them in the general election that must take place by early 1984. Healey, whom every poll had shown to be the Labor candidate preferred by voters, had consistently been regarded as a formidable challenger by the Tories. Thus they were surprised when the first post-election poll that pitted Foot *vs.* Thatcher showed Labor's new contender five points ahead of the incumbent as the people's choice for Prime Minister. The poll, conducted by the M.O.R.I organization, showed that even though respondents felt that Foot had "rather extreme views," he was more "in touch with ordinary people" than Conservative Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. The Labor Opposition believes that by the time the next election is called, the Conservative government will be in such deep trouble over its rigid monetarist economic policies, which so far have not cooled a raging inflation nor prevented a sharp rise in unemployment, that Labor can prevail with just about any candidate. Said Political Analyst Robert McKenzie: "It is possible that the next election could be won by Labor even if the party was led by Judas Iscariot."

Michael Foot following trip-up in House of Commons

Labor's new leader has great charm but less vigor.

Later this month Foot will take the first step in the long march toward his possible ascendancy as Britain's Prime Minister. The occasion will be a mass Labor Party protest against the Thatcher government in Liverpool, where unemployment is running at 15.2%, almost twice the national average. In spite of his crutches, Foot is determined to join the demonstration march when it converges on the docks of Merseyside. Last week he delivered his first salvo against the Thatcher government: "We will proceed to unite to attack the outrages and infamies which this government is inflicting on our people."

Such exhortations come naturally to Foot who, in his 30 years in Parliament, has established a reputation as a highly effective, alternately fiery and witty, orator. In a recent Commons speech, for example, he ridiculed Tory Industry Secretary Keith Joseph by comparing him to a magician who takes a gold watch from a member of the audience. Said Foot: "He would take out his mallet, hit the watch and smash it to smithereens. Then he would step to the front of the stage and say, 'Sorry, I've forgotten the rest of the trick.' "

Politics and protest are in Foot's genes. His father, Isaac Foot, was a Liberal Member of Ramsay MacDonald's government, and his three brothers have had distinguished public service careers. His wife of 31 years, Jill Craigie, is a well-known writer and documentary film producer. Though he has always relished the role of iconoclast and socialist firebrand, when he became deputy to the cautious Callaghan in the last Labor government, Foot damped down his fires. It is now widely believed that he may once again backtrack on some of his most radical positions, including unilateral nuclear disarmament. Foot himself, however, was not about to concede the point publicly. Once again he put himself on record: "I am as strong as ever in my socialist principles." —*By Patricia Blake. Reported by Bonnie Angelo/London*

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A jubilant Lech Walesa after the court ruling

Union supporters await charter verdict outside the supreme court building in Warsaw

POLAND

Another Victory for Solidarity

The party backs down, and the world breathes easier—for now

The power struggle between Poland's newly independent labor movement and the Warsaw regime of Party Boss Stanislaw Kania has become an international suspense serial, one showdown giving way to the next, each resolved in the nick of time. From a shipyard in the Baltic seaport of Gdansk, the drama has radiated across Poland and the East bloc. Now it is affecting Western Europe and the U.S. as well.

The latest episode ended last week in another triumph for the workers. At issue was the charter of Solidarity, the umbrella group representing some 50 Polish labor unions and 10 million workers. A lower court had inserted a provision into the charter recognizing the "leading role" of the Communist Party. Claiming that its independence had been compromised, Solidarity threatened a series of strikes unless the authorities agreed to put the supremacy clause in an annex. In the predawn hours last Monday, government negotiators finally caved in to their Solidarity counterparts; later that day, the supreme court overturned the lower court's decision.

Although he apparently has Moscow's backing, Kania is dealing from a very weak hand. That became evident last week when Administration sources confirmed that Poland had asked the U.S. for $3 billion in low-interest loans over three years. A rescue mission of such magnitude is an impossibility for the lame-duck Carter Administration. But to show good faith, Secretary of State Edmund Muskie has recommended that credit guarantees for grain sales to Poland be increased from $670 million to a reported $900 million over the next year. According to British Trade Minister Cecil Parkinson, who was in Warsaw last week, Poland is also seeking new loans from West Germany, France, Italy and Britain.

Since the Soviets are notoriously paranoid about their satellites dealing with the West, Poland's request is being handled gingerly in Washington. The U.S. faces a delicate dilemma. On the one hand, the Kania government has been moderate so far and may be worth shoring up. On the other, the U.S. could find itself supporting a regime that might some day crush dissidents and the labor movement. In addition, the U.S. might be accused of meddling in Poland's internal affairs, a useful piece of propaganda for the Soviets if they ever intervene.

The West's unease seemed trifling next to the dread in Poland before the supreme court ruling. "People were afraid of something happening—chaos, confrontation, the police, a stupid move by somebody," said a Warsaw journalist. Observed a Western diplomat: "They were huddling around their radios, and trying to remember what they had heard about the events preceding the invasion of Czechoslovakia [in 1968]."

Tension began building two weeks ago, when Kania charged that the workers had "abused" their right to strike and warned of "limits we must not transgress." Party Spokesman Jozef Klasa then held an unusual briefing for a small group of Western correspondents and turned up the pressure. Said he: "The party is determined to use every option at its disposal to avert the strike." To further drive home the party's point, a film of Soviet and Polish troops on joint maneuvers was shown on national television. "The message could not be lost on anyone," said a Foreign Ministry analyst in Bonn, noting that similar maneuvers had preceded the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Still the union refused to blink. After the court announced its decision, Union

Polling the Unhappy Poles

An intriguing glimpse of Polish attitudes was provided last week by the French magazine *Paris Match*, which published the results of an unusual public opinion poll taken inside Poland. Working with handwritten questionnaires, eight pollsters from Public S.A., a French firm, clandestinely queried a representative sample of 500 Poles. Most of the respondents were deeply dissatisfied with the quality of their lives: 86% said their purchasing power was insufficient, and 69% found the government unresponsive. An overwhelming 90% blamed "the men in power." By contrast, 86% favored the Gdansk agreements, but 65% expected the government to "gnaw away" at the concessions it granted the unions.

Only 3% said they would vote for the Communist Party in free elections, compared with 34% for Christian Democrats, 27% for Socialists and 19% for Liberals (meaning European conservatives). A Soviet invasion was thought "possible" by 41%, while 25% felt it was "certain." Two-thirds said they would actively resist the invaders. Asked which nation was Poland's "best friend," 34% replied "none." Next came France with 17% and the U.S. with 13%. Only 2% named the Soviet Union.

Leader Lech Walesa tried to put Solidarity on a conciliatory course, describing the settlement as "a victory of common sense." Said he: "Nobody lost and nobody won." From the government's standpoint, the compromise was acceptable because it was a matter of form rather than substance. The agreement also allowed the government to turn its attention—and, it hoped, the union's attention—to the problem of Poland's crippled economy.

For the past decade, the government has stressed industrial investment at the expense of consumer goods. Two byproducts: a restive citizenry unhappy with shortages of everything from sugar to cooking oil and a staggering debt of $21 billion owed to the West. Last summer's strikes and the wage increases that helped end them have accelerated the economy's slide. Industrial production in the third quarter of the year was off $2.3 billion compared with 1979 output, and the 1980 trade deficit will approach $700 million.

The mining of coal is running about 7% behind projections. Blackouts are already commonplace in Warsaw, and nationwide electricity shortages are expected this winter. The harvest, government officials admit, was a "disaster." Bad weather and low price ceilings have combined to keep up to 50% of the important potato crop off the market. Said Kania: "Things are very bad indeed and there is nothing to suggest that they will be better in a month or even six months."

To re-ignite the economy, Poland's central planners must allow individual enterprises more flexibility. Also needed are labor peace and productivity gains. The authorities were plainly angling for a trade-off on the charter issue. Kania and Walesa met for the first time last Friday; the state press agency reported that they discussed contributions Solidarity could make to "the country's progress." But Solidarity, remembering government promises broken after worker riots in 1956 and 1970, has so far refused to ask its members to work harder or end their wildcat strikes. As Walesa once put it: "We will not need to be persuaded to work by means of slogans and catch-phrases, as was done in the past."

The position of Solidarity militants, who have been vying with a moderate faction for control of the union, was enhanced by last week's victory. No doubt the militants will keep urging their colleagues to take uncompromising positions in upcoming negotiations over wages and access to the press. The danger is that they will push their advantage too far, with the result that hard-liners will once again take over the Communist Party. Party moderates hope to appease the unions and please Moscow, while also looking to the West for financial help. Unhappily, that is rather like a juggler tossing vials of nitroglycerine in the air. *—By Stephen Smith. Reported by Barry Kalb/Warsaw*

EAST-WEST

Stonewalling Human Rights

The Madrid conference is soured by Soviet intransigence

"The U.S.S.R. is not prepared to be a bull in the *corrida* of Madrid," declared Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. That pronouncement served as a dour keynote for the 35-nation Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe that convened in the Spanish capital last week. The object of the long-scheduled conference was to review the members' compliance with the 1975 Helsinki accords on military security, economic cooperation and human rights. But throughout, it was clear that the Soviets had every intention of blocking any proceedings devoted to their own human rights record or their Afghanistan invasion.

Latvian Exile Kirsons bleeding on Soviet flag

A surge of activism discomfited Moscow.

In nine weeks of preliminary talks, the participants had not even been able to agree on an agenda. At issue was the West's insistence on ample time not only for examining Soviet repression and Afghanistan but also other East European limitations on strong Helsinki principles like the "freer movement of peoples." The U.S. proposed the airing of such topics for some six weeks. After that, the conference would take up new proposals on the Soviets' pet topic of disarmament. The Soviets' timetable would have limited discussion of human rights and issues like Afghanistan to a week or two.

Finally the conference had to begin without an agenda. The exasperated delegates filed wearily into the huge, steel-and-glass Palace of Congresses. A perfunctory five-minute session before midnight just barely met the Nov. 11 deadline for opening the meeting. Next day, Spanish Prime Minister Adolfo Suarez made a dispirited opening address. Said Suarez: "Sometimes it seems we are engaged in a dialogue of the deaf."

The work of the conference began with a series of Western speeches that confounded Soviet hopes of stemming a tide of condemnation. Delegate after delegate castigated Moscow for its repressive policy on human rights and for the occupation of Afghanistan. The U.S. spokesman, former Attorney General Griffin Bell, was tough. Of Afghanistan he said: "The Soviet invasion cast a dark shadow over East-West relations which no meeting, no pronouncement—nothing, in fact, but the total withdrawal of Soviet troops—can dispel." Bell went on to denounce "brutal repression" against such Soviet dissidents as Yuri Orlov, the chairman of the Moscow Helsinki Monitoring Committee, Jewish Activist Anatoli Shcharansky and Dissident Leader Andrei Sakharov.

Adding to Moscow's discomfiture was a surge of human rights activism directly inspired by the Madrid conference. Some 8,000 scientists from 44 non-Communist countries broke relations with Soviet scientific organizations to protest the persecution of Soviet colleagues. In seven Soviet cities, 139 Jewish dissidents began a three-day hunger strike, while 100 others crowded into Moscow's Supreme Soviet building demanding to emigrate to Israel. Exiles from the U.S.S.R. converged upon Madrid to hold press conferences detailing repression at home. Outside the Palace of Congresses, Maris Kirsons, a 39-year-old Latvian-born Lutheran minister from Philadelphia, punctured a vein in his arm and dripped blood on a Soviet flag in a protest against Moscow's dominance of the Baltic states.

After three days of contentious opening speeches, agreement finally was reached on a compromise agenda put forward by Sweden, Austria, Cyprus and Yugoslavia. The agenda will allow four weeks of debate about human rights and related issues; then, after a Christmas recess, such topics will be strictly taboo, and the conference will concentrate on military security issues. The prevailing atmosphere of acrimony is bound to endure, but at least there is now some assurance that the Helsinki process may survive yet another round. If the conference were to break down altogether, the commendable, hard-won Helsinki accords would be relegated to history, and a severe blow would have been dealt to East-West relations and human rights around the world. ■

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MIDDLE EAST

Farewells in the Rose Garden

But hopes for only a brief pause in the peace process

For Jimmy Carter and Menachem Begin, it marked the very last time they would meet in the White House. The American President and the Israeli Prime Minister bade public farewell last week where they have so often parted, sometimes in anger, sometimes with euphoria, in the Rose Garden. It was an emotional moment, ending an official relationship that brought Carter his most brilliant foreign policy achievement, the Camp David peace accords, and Begin some prospect of peace for his embattled country.

The entire Israeli and American negotiating teams shared regrets and reminiscences around the huge polished mahogany table in the Cabinet Room. Said one American participant: "It was one of the more poignant episodes, because that process, those people, were such a big, intense part of this Administration. We had been through so much together."

Walking to the Israeli leader's limousine afterward, the President's voice broke as he praised Begin's "extreme political and personal courage" and the strong ties between Israel and the U.S. "The Camp David accords and the peace treaty between Israel and Egypt are solemn documents committed on the honor of our nation, on a permanent basis," said Carter. Begin agreed, calling the accord "a binding treaty, a sacred trust."

The Prime Minister's trip to the U.S. had originally been planned as a private visit to New York, to take part in a centennial dinner honoring the late Ze'ev Vladimir Jabotinsky, the fiery Zionist who was Begin's mentor. But after the Egyptian-Israeli negotiations on Palestinian autonomy ground to a halt in midsummer, Carter invited Begin for a side trip to Washington to try to get the talks back on track. At the time, the Administration hoped to set up some time in January a trilateral summit involving Carter, Begin and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. Any such summit will now have to be postponed until after Ronald Reagan's inauguration.

Begin had also hoped to meet with Reagan on his visit, and his aides allowed five virtually free days on his schedule so that he could fly to California if the President-elect invited him. But Reagan decided that he would not meet with any foreign leaders before his inauguration in order to avoid any chance of misunderstandings about American policy. Begin could scarcely conceal his disappointment, but he did meet with Richard Allen, Reagan's senior foreign policy adviser, who repeated the President-elect's firm support for the Camp David process as the basis of his Middle East policy.

Carter and Begin at the White House

Even as Begin was en route to New York, U.S. Ambassador James Leonard, deputy to Carter's special Middle East envoy Sol Linowitz, shuttled between Jerusalem and Cairo trying to nail down a "memorandum of understanding" among Egypt, Israel and the U.S. The White House fears that unless the progress achieved so far in the negotiations is closely defined in writing, momentum for further progress may dry up before the Reagan Administration can resume the initiative. Talks on autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza Strip are scheduled to resume in Cairo this week, but only at the nonministerial level.

Sadat and Peres (Bar-Lev in background) after talks in Cairo

A good chemical reaction, but real progress must wait

Sadat, the foreign leader who was most disappointed by Carter's defeat, is resigned to a lengthy delay in the negotiations. One inducement to Egyptian patience is the prospect that elections next year in Israel may bring in a new and more flexible government headed by the Labor Party. Earlier this month, Israeli Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres, former Foreign Minister Abba Eban and former Chief of Staff Haim Bar-Lev visited Cairo to take part in a symposium on the Palestinian problem sponsored by the Egyptian magazine *October*. Sadat took the opportunity to meet with the Israelis and discuss their mutual concerns.

"There was a good chemical reaction between Sadat and Peres," Eban remarked afterward, adding that "we conducted relations, not negotiations." Peres appeals to the Egyptians because he is seen as being less dogmatic than Begin about Israel's need to control all of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Moreover, he would bring to the negotiations none of the biblical fervor that fires Begin to claim the West Bank (or Judea and Samaria, as he calls it) as the historical birthright of the Jews; the Egyptians find that position exasperating and irrational. By contrast, Peres favors a plan that calls for the return of nonstrategic portions of the West Bank to Jordan, which lost the area to Israel during the 1967 Six-Day War. Beyond that, Peres believes that a joint Jordanian-Palestinian state on the occupied West Bank, headed by Jordan's King Hussein, is more feasible than trying to achieve Palestinian autonomy.

One virtue of Peres' proposal is that he would let the Jordanians include any Palestinians they wanted on their negotiating team—and that could conceivably include members of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Another point in favor of the plan is that the prospect of a Jordanian role in negotiations has become increasingly acceptable to a number of West Bankers as an alternative if autonomy fails. Sadat, however, argues that an autonomy agreement must be completed first, and only then should King Hussein be brought into the negotiations. His reasoning is that the ground work for a comprehensive settlement for the Palestinians must first be mapped out; the Jordanian option would merely divide the West Bank and leave the Palestinians no closer to full autonomy. After being reminded that Reagan had told TIME in an interview that he believed Jordan was a "key" to a Middle East settlement, Sadat forcefully repeated his objection to including the King now. "Yes, yes," he said, "there is a contradiction between my position and that of Mr. Reagan." —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman with Begin and Robert Slater/Jerusalem*

Soldiers protect farmers in Tripura, where communal strife has killed 1,000. Inset: the Prime Minister at a press conference

BALDEV—SYGMA

INDIA

Troubled Times for Indira

Communal clashes and a staggering economy plague her regime

"Prime Minister [Indira] Gandhi has failed to solve or even to offer effective solutions to India's major domestic problems." The Indian leader appears to have "run out of political steam," and displays "elements of paranoia and cynicism" in "seeking to blame internal problems on external interference." Her ten-month-old government has been categorized by "erratic" performance, "pedestrian and superficial" style, and "dismaying indecisiveness and ineffectiveness."

Strong words indeed, especially coming from a diplomat. Those harsh comments on Mrs. Gandhi and her government are from a confidential report by Gordon Upton, Australia's High Commissioner (in effect, Ambassador) in New Delhi, to his Foreign Ministry. Upton's report was leaked to a Canberra journalist and was published by the Melbourne *Age*, Australia's leading newspaper. The Australian government was deeply embarrassed by the disclosure, which threatened to strain relationships with New Delhi. But the Indian government has so far ignored the incident.

As it happens, the High Commissioner's remarks contain large elements of truth. Problems that have plagued Mrs. Gandhi's government since her return to office last January continue to elude solution. One of them is communal tension that has led to a series of bloody battles between Hindus and Muslims. In Moradabad, 95 miles east of New Delhi, 133 people have been killed in these clashes since August.

In India's northeastern state of Assam, there has been a year of student-led agitation against "foreigners" in their midst, including Indians from the state of West Bengal as well as illegal immigrants from Bangladesh. The ongoing strife has paralyzed the state's oil industry, which supplies 12% of India's needs. The student protest in Assam has been restrained by comparison with a savage outbreak of hatred against Bengalis in the neighboring state of Tripura; last June native tribespeople massacred more than 1,000 Bengali settlers.

Meanwhile, India's economy is hamstrung by an ever increasing oil import bill, which consumes 60% of the country's export income. India depended on Iraq and Iran for roughly two-thirds of its oil imports; with those supplies restricted by the Persian Gulf war, and domestic production cut by the disruptions in Assam, New Delhi has had to scramble for new sources of oil, including the spot market. Although monetary restrictions and liberalized imports have reduced India's inflation rate from 22% in January to 15% today, such commodities as sugar (52¢ a lb.), and lentils (45¢ to 50¢ a lb.), have soared out of the reach of many people. Fully 40% of the population remains under the poverty line which the government defines as $8 a month income.

Only in the past month or two, reports TIME New Delhi Bureau Chief Marcia Gauger, does the Prime Minister appear to have regained her old dynamism and come fully alive to these problems. For the first five months after her election, she was preoccupied with consolidating the power of her Congress Party (I) (standing for Indira), calling for elections in nine states and defeating the opposition in all but one. Five of India's 22 states remain in opposition hands; Assam is ruled directly by New Delhi because the state was unable to form a government.

Then in June came the death of her younger son Sanjay in a plane crash; through much of the summer Mrs. Gandhi appeared absorbed by grief. Rumors persisted that she was ill, that she had lost her will to govern. This month, however, Indira Gandhi was on the move, doing what she does best: taking her case to the people. In a series of appearances in Jammu and Kashmir, one of the states with a non-Congress government, she smoothed over differences with Sheik Abdullah, the aging Lion of Kashmir, and blamed communal tensions on hard-line Muslim and Hindu factions. To demonstrate her government's concern over the strife, Mrs. Gandhi last week reconvened the National Integration Council, a non-sectarian group that includes leaders with different religious and political affiliations.

Mrs. Gandhi also flew to the southern state of Kerala, where she attributed the current problems to her predecessors. "We have communal riots, high prices, unemployment left over from the wrong policies of the Janata and Lok Dal governments," she told listeners, who bedecked her with flower garlands. "We cannot allow antisocial elements, smugglers, hoarders, profiteers to gain the upper hand as happened under Janata."

Citing those "antisocial elements," as well as "communal disharmony, caste conflicts, atrocities against minorities" and other activities that "pose a grave threat to the lawful order," her government two months ago proclaimed a tough new national security law. The ordinance permits the preventive detention, for ten days without charge and for up to a year without trial, of anyone considered to be a threat to public security.

The new law provides more safeguards than the dreaded internal security act of Mrs. Gandhi's 1975-77 emergency rule; for example, detained persons must be given a quick hearing before a three-person panel. When Parliament reconvenes this week, Mrs. Gandhi will seek its formal approval of the law, which was imposed by executive fiat. During what is expected to be a bitter debate, opposition members will warn that, once again, Mrs. Gandhi is taking her country down the road to authoritarianism. ■

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JAMAICA

"No to Chaos"

Moving back to moderation

The political winds are blowing from left to right in the Caribbean. Seven of the area's island states this year have retained or produced governments that range from moderate to conservative. The most dramatic of the shifts took place three weeks ago in Jamaica, where voters ousted the eight-year-old government of Prime Minister Michael Manley, 56, a charismatic, pro-Cuban Socialist whose inefficient policies had helped bring his once prosperous island to the edge of bankruptcy.

Manley's successor is Edward Seaga, 50, American-born, Harvard-educated leader of the Jamaica Labor Party. An experienced international economist whose campaign promised closer ties with the U.S., Seaga has already obtained financing from commercial banks to cover the country's $157 million debt through the end of the year. The shootouts that terrorized Kingston's slums during the bloody nine-month campaign have tapered off as a result of nightly curfews and police raids; tourist bookings are picking up again, and Jamaican professionals who went into exile during the hard times of Manley's rule are beginning to return home. The new government has also moved to legalize the use of foreign exchange derived from the marijuana trade, which is estimated to total $1 billion a year. Last week Seaga gave an exclusive interview about the policies his government will pursue to TIME Caribbean Bureau Chief William McWhirter. Excerpts:

On the Caribbean. Jamaicans are totally fed up with the chaos and the crisis through which they have gone. Jamaica used to be the pearl of the Caribbean, the model economy, proud to the point that we were resented by some other countries. To see Jamaica fall to the state where it was becoming an international beggar, totally broke, helped the other Caribbean countries to realize that this was not the way. They evaluated their own political movements in terms of what they saw happening in Jamaica. Hence there has been a very distinct shift, along with ours, in their own governments, away from radical ideological adventures toward a traditional strategy of economic development. But if the move back to moderation is not accompanied by an increased standard of living and a more stable society, then we move right back to a replay of the period we have just passed through.

On U.S. Policy. Successive elections this year have now settled ideologically the direction in which the Caribbean wishes to move. In order to deal with that, a proper U.S.-Caribbean policy must be framed. We do not know of any U.S. Administration that has ever had a Caribbean policy. The closest we have come to one were some initiatives taken by the Carter Administration, which sent task forces through the area to assess the problems and set up action teams for better relationships. In the U.S., the general outlook is, well, who's in power and for how long is he going to be there. Washington has been very neglectful about knowing who our politicians are. It is extremely important for you to know us on a first-name basis.

On a Reagan Administration. Some statements attributed to Mr. Reagan could be of great concern to us. We do not need a parade of warships in the Caribbean. But I've had enough experience in 21 years of political life to know that people usually take far stronger positions in a campaign than they would be likely to take when they get into office. The facts and the realities of the world are such that a pragmatic approach is best. The area needs to be bolstered economically. We look to the election of a new government as a hopeful sign in a sense because it will be starting with a fresh pair of eyes.

Jamaican Prime Minister Edward Seaga

Strong hopes for a pragmatic approach.

On Cuba. If Castro wants to be accepted in this region, then he must be able to prove his credentials by not exporting revolution or ideology. We are rather firm in our belief that he exported revolution to Grenada, and is exporting ideology to Nicaragua. We believe that Cuban expansionism will continue through its role as a proxy for the Soviet Union. The Cubans set up Jamaica as their espionage center of the Caribbean so they could have easier access to subversives on other islands, who could come here to deal with them rather than going to Havana and risking exposure. How can you normalize relations with a country acting like that? ■

ITALY

Fraudissimo

A gusher of an oil scandal

Through all the financial and political scandals in Italy's recent history, the national financial police, the paramilitary Guardia di Finanza, has always been regarded as a singular bastion of rectitude. Thus when retired General Raffaele Giudice, the Guardia's esteemed commander from 1974 to 1978, was recently jailed as a suspected ringleader in a $2.2 billion oil-tax fraud, it was rather like discovering that Michelangelo painted by numbers. Last week, as the scandal spread, four other high-ranking Guardia officers were put under investigation, and Giudice's former chief of staff disappeared before he could be served with an arrest warrant.

The scandal is the country's biggest since the Lockheed bribery fiasco that forced President Giovanni Leone to resign two years ago. It has already brought almost 100 arrests, and has cast suspicion on the martyred figure of former Prime Minister Aldo Moro. Reason: his right-hand man, Sereno Freato, 52, has been questioned about accumulating $17 million worth of investment properties during four years when he declared only $7,500 in annual taxable income. In addition, the scandal has also given the Communists and other opposition groups ammunition against the five-week-old government of Christian Democratic Prime Minister Arnaldo Forlani.

The allegations involve an elaborate plot to falsify the tax categories of petroleum products. One of the alleged masterminds was the multimillionaire oil company owner Bruno Musselli, 55, who has reportedly fled to Switzerland. Petroleum taxes in Italy are graduated; the tax on gasoline, for instance, is 30 times higher than that on heating oil. By forging the identifying document of a shipment —or, in some cases, switching the oil—refiners and distributors could pocket the illegal tax benefits. Then, said investigators, they would bribe Guardia officers, politicians, inspectors and truckers to keep quiet.

While Veneto magistrates delved into it over the years, the scheme was chronicled in some 200 articles that appeared in a small daily, *La Tribuna*, in the city of Treviso. One disgusted oilman in Rome also claims that "everyone in the industry knew for years." But no national disclosures were made until Giorgio Pisano, a senator in the neofascist Italian Social Movement (MSI) recently reeled off a series of charges on the senate floor.

As Finance Minister Francesco Reviglio promised the formation of a parliamentary commission of inquiry last week, he conceded that eventually as many as 2,000 people might become embroiled in the scandal. ■

New Plagues for Old?

Mystery maladies keep disease detectives busy

The list of deadly but controllable diseases is long and impressive: plague, diphtheria, malaria, polio, smallpox, typhoid and yellow fever. Even cancer and heart disease at last seem to be yielding up their secrets to medical research. But in the past ten years, doctors have focused on a number of mysterious "new" ailments, notably Legionnaires' disease and toxic shock syndrome.

One reason for the flurry of strange ailments is that diagnosis constantly becomes more refined. Dramatic advances in laboratory technology, like the use of radioactive substances, have helped doctors better understand disease processes. Also, physicians are more alert in reporting both established and unusual illnesses to their colleagues. Some apparently new diseases existed in the past, notes Epidemiologist Michael Gregg of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, the nation's primary illness-monitoring station. But Gregg adds, "There may also be an essentially evolutionary environmental change. Something that is going to bring the host, the agent and the environment together in a different way from before, creating a new ailment."

Medical sleuths at the U.S. Center for Disease Control in Atlanta

Better laboratory tools, more alert physicians, and environmental changes too.

Some of the mysterious new maladies are limited to specific geographic areas. Some have thus far attacked very few victims. Among the ailments intriguing disease detectives:

Hemorrhagic Fevers. A deadly collection of virus-caused illnesses, they have so far been found mostly in Africa and other tropical regions. Patients run high temperatures for several days, then hemorrhage from the nose, mouth and intestine. Depending on the particular type of hemorrhagic fever, up to 90% of victims die. Last year such fevers claimed more than a thousand lives. The viruses live in animals apparently without causing any symptoms, then are passed to human beings. In Lassa fever, the organism lives in a particular type of rat that infests rural dwellings in West Africa. It spreads to villagers through water or food contaminated by the rodents' urine. In Marburg and Ebola fever, the animal host is still unknown. What makes these diseases particularly grim is that they can be spread person to person, often to nurses and doctors, through infected blood.

Reye Syndrome. This malady primarily attacks children between the ages of five and eleven. No cause has been identified, but the syndrome has been linked to viral illness, commonly striking its young victims as they recover from chicken pox or influenza. The symptoms, described by Australian Pathologist R.D.K. Reye in 1963, are severe vomiting, followed by lethargy and later by personality changes, convulsions, coma and even death. The syndrome is rare. Last year fewer than 600 cases occurred in the U.S., mostly during the flu months of January, February and March. Both the public and physicians are becoming more familiar with the illness, and children are now hospitalized earlier for the intensive care they need to survive. Even so, 25% of children who develop the syndrome die.

Lyme Disease. In 1975 Yale researchers began investigating a highly unusual cluster of arthritis cases among families living in the rural area of Lyme, Conn. Later, doctors at the U.S. submarine base in nearby New London reported several patients with a distinctive skin lesion that in Europe had been associated with tick bites. The seemingly unrelated ailments became linked when the Yale research team found that about a quarter of Lyme arthritis victims had also had the skin lesions a few weeks before their painful joint swellings began. Subsequent investigations revealed that the skin lesions, arthritis and many other ailments, including encephalitis, meningitis, paralysis of the face, arms and legs, and heart abnormalities, could be traced to bites from a species of tick (*Ixodes dammini*) that infests the area. Just what disease-causing agent the tick transmits is still a puzzle.

The complex of illnesses is not limited to Connecticut. *Ixodes dammini* is found along the East Coast from Massachusetts to Maryland, as well as in Wisconsin. A related species lives in California and Oregon. Lyme disease has occurred in all these areas.

Infant Botulism. Botulism usually comes from eating improperly canned food contaminated by toxin produced by the bacterium *Clostridium botulinum*. Four years ago, researchers at the California health department found that babies with no obvious exposure to such canned foods were coming down with the disease. *C. botulinum* bacteria are ubiquitous. They thrive in the earth and are spread as spores through dust in the air as well as on vegetables, fruits or in honey. Adults regularly ingest the microbes but customarily suffer no harm. The spores remain dormant in the adult intestine. For as yet unknown reasons, the intestines of some babies aged one to six months provide a hospitable environment for the spores, permitting them to germinate and make their deadly toxin. It is a nerve poison that produces an array of symptoms including constipation, lethargy, poor feeding, weak crying and general floppiness. More than 170 cases of infant botulism have been officially reported worldwide since 1976, but the count is probably far too low. Many physicians are still unfamiliar with the illness, and no simple diagnostic test exists. Evidence suggests that infant botulism accounts for at least 5% of the more than 8,000 cases of sudden infant death that occur yearly in the U.S. alone. ■

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Case of the Bench *vs.* the Buck

Pinched by inflation, federal judges look for a raise

Six years ago, Sidney Smith, then 50, seemed to be living out an American dream. He had been serving for nine years as a federal district judge in Atlanta. The job offered challenge, prestige, a $40,000 salary and lifetime tenure followed by retirement at full pay. Yet that year Smith walked away from the bench to return to the private practice of law. The main reason: money. "I had one child in prep school and two in college, and I was borrowing all the time," recalls Smith, who now earns far more than he used to. "Inflation just started eating away at me."

Smith is not alone. During the 1970s, a record 24 federal district and circuit court judges (of more than 600) stepped out of their robes, compared with eight in the '60s and seven in the decade before that. The trend has brought warnings from the legal establishment that the nation's treasured federal bench is in danger of losing its luster. Observers fret not only about the increased number of departures but also about the erosion of morale among those who remain. An equally distressing, although incalculable effect is the possible decrease of top candidates for judicial openings.

Several considerations may be involved in judges' decisions to resign. Some have left to take top posts in the Executive Branch, among them FBI Director William Webster and Secretary of Education Shirley Hufstedler. Others have cited such reasons as a burgeoning case load, understaffing and the staleness known as "the judicial blahs." But economic woes are considered by far the most pressing. In 1969, when trial judges were earning $40,000 and appeals court judges $42,500, there were few complaints. But over the past eleven years, the cost of living has surged 131% while salaries have risen only about 35%, to $54,500 at the trial level and $57,500 in the appeals courts. These paychecks still put judges among the top 5% of U.S. wage earners. But the judges point to figures showing that the average 50-year-old lawyer working for a medium-size or large private firm makes $150,000. Even a junior partner in such firms, who may be no more than eight years beyond a clerkship for a federal judge, can equal or top the judge's earnings.

In 1975 Congress passed a bill providing for annual cost of living adjustments for high-level federal employees. But Congress has voted down raises four of the six years the law has been in effect. An added chance for raises comes every fourth year, when a nine-member Commission on Executive, Legislative and Judicial Salaries convenes to review salaries of high-level federal officials and recommend adjustments to the President, who takes them into account in drafting his budget message. Richard Nixon's 1973 proposal for a 7.5% judicial increase went nowhere, but Gerald Ford had more success in 1977, when Congress approved 30% raises for the bench (but only 14% for Supreme Court Justices).

That was too little too late to suit many critics. Earlier this month several leaders of the legal community assembled in the Cash Room of the Treasury Department to enter their pleas before the quadrennial salary commission. Some of the testimony was melodramatic. Said Federal District Court Judge Charles Joiner: "I speak to you of naked and defenseless men and women." Many jurists, added Circuit Court Judge Irving Kaufman, will be reduced to writing letters asking "how they might tell their children that they cannot afford to send them to college." Other spokesmen have been somewhat more restrained. "We ask judges to be purer than Caesar's wife, but we don't pay them what they are worth," says Harold Tyler, a partner in a New York law firm (and former district judge) who now heads an American Bar Association (A.B.A.) committee on federal judicial compensation. "They are the guardians of our Constitution."

Whatever the commission and President Carter may recommend, Congress is notoriously wary of voting federal pay increases, particularly at a time like this, with an anti-Government mood sweeping the nation. An additional obstacle on Capitol Hill is the reluctance to approve salaries higher than the $60,662.50 received by the Senators and Representatives themselves. Certainly nothing like the $97,000 figure urged by the A.B.A. is expected to pass. With this in mind, many judges have decided to contest the issue on their own turf and do their own umpiring. A group of them have sued the Government for back pay, claiming that Congress's refusal to pay the annual cost of living increases violated a constitutional guarantee that judges' compensation "shall not be diminished during their continuance in office." This theory has succeeded in the lower courts, and the final word may come from the Supreme Court by the end of its term next summer.

Meanwhile, widespread skepticism persists about the judges' cause. Regional variations in the cost of living make judicial salaries look more than adequate to many Americans, especially away from the big cities where private lawyers' six-figure salaries provide a perspective. One congressional aide expresses this "rural factor" by saying: "In Montana, $60,000 still goes a long way." Others warn that a judiciary that is too well rewarded loses touch with the society it is serving. Two recent vacancies on the D.C. Court of Appeals attracted a pool of more than 90 applicants, many of them highly qualified, and even Harold Tyler admits that the quality of the federal judiciary has not suffered yet. Nor does the rising dropout rate unnerve some observers who are familiar with high Government turnover. Says Alfred Zuck, executive director of the quadrennial salary commission: "The numbers are large only in relation to history." In all, the judges have a long way to go to prove their case, and they face a tough jury. —*By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

A.B.A. Committee Chairman Harold Tyler

Former District Court Judge Sidney Smith

From the legal establishment, warnings that the nation's federal bench may lose its luster

Theater

Sam Waterston and Gilda Radner share an unnerving moment in *Lunch Hour*

Sin and Smog

LUNCH HOUR *by Jean Kerr*

It is an odd sensation to be searching for comic relief in a comedy. But certain smoggy patches of *Lunch Hour* do tend to induce that quest. Possibly the two funniest moments in Act I are Gilda Radner sparring with a spilled pot of coffee and juggling a scalding-hot spoon, and Sam Waterston watching the page proofs of his upcoming book unreel inexorably into a goldfish tank. All of which goes to prove that Director Mike Nichols is still a playwright's best friend.

Jean Kerr's comic touch is slightly anesthetized this time out, but she has not lost it. She couldn't. That would be out of character for the author of *Mary, Mary* and the droll chronicler of suburban domesticity who regaled us with *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* and *The Snake Has All the Lines*. Trust her to keep a civilized, witty tongue in her head whatever her characters' antics. *Lunch Hour* is a tale of extramarital hanky-panky without the id. Oliver (Sam Waterston) and Nora (Susan Kellermann) have rented the upper half of a Southampton beach house that Designer Oliver Smith must have had in mind for Neiman-Marcus. Oliver is a marriage counselor. He may have counseled his mother and father. Nora is a leggy, braless blond goddess with a slightly crisp manner. She tells Oliver that she is going to visit her mother, but actually she is going to see the Big Bad Wolf.

As if cast up by the tide, an urchin messenger, shod in jogging sneakers, knocks on Oliver's door. This is Carrie (Gilda Radner), a child bride of 22 going on eleven. She heartbrokenly announces that Nora is having an affair with her husband Peter. Peter (David Rasche), a multimillionaire, "is rich for a living," and he must have spied Carrie from his private jet, since he could scarcely have been smitten by her at Polaroid range.

In the inventiveness of despair, Carrie suggests that she and Oliver have a pretend-affair of their own to win their spouses back. The working of the ruse and the very clever denouement are as sacrosanct as the secrets of the confessional and the whodunit.

That does not preclude mention of one glowing scene. Recognizing that a pretend-affair requires some corroborative evidence, Carrie asks Oliver what she is to tell Peter about how it all began. The pair decides that a cozy lunch in one of Manhattan's Upper East Side French restaurants provides the right backdrop for incipient sin.

They occupy an imaginary booth. Oliver begins plying Carrie with sweet talk, and intimacy becomes ardor. Swept away by their play-acting, they end the scene clinging and kissing. What is doubly enchanting about this moment is that Jean Kerr has shown us in miniature precisely how the dramatic imagination works, how we as playgoers are carried across the threshold from reality to illusion in the twinkling of a craftsmaster's art.

Lunch Hour might have been better served by a different star. Gilda Radner is referred to as a waif, and tries to mimic scatterbrained vulnerability; but it does not wash. She radiates tensile strength. If she were crossing the Arctic wastes and her Huskies died, she could and would tow the dog sled to the Pole. That invincible force happens to be wrong for this play.

—*By T.E. Kalem*

Quartet

TINTYPES *Conceived by Mary Kyte with Mel Marvin and Gary Pearle*

This show is a box of delectable bonbons, most of them early 20th century musical Americana. *Tintypes* is tender rather than torrid, its nostalgia is toothsomely sweet, not gooey.

There are close to 50 songs all together, clustered in sections that form a kind of rudimentary sociocultural chronicle. In "Arrivals," a Jewish immigrant (Jerry Zaks) just off the boat sings *The Yankee Doodle Boy* with an accent you could ladle with a chicken soup spoon. Later, as a fully assimilated show-biz tintype, he repeats the same number à la George M. Cohan.

The evening never gets stuck in gridlock. *Tintypes* has been nimbly and stylishly conceived by the trio of creators, who also serve as choreographer, pianist-conductor and director. Doing skits as well as songs, the five-member cast is in *perpetuum mobile*. Carolyn Mignini, as Anna Held, is a seraphic soprano; Mary Catherine Wright, militancy incarnate as Emma Goldman; and Trey Wilson makes a bully "T.R." And in a gentle zephyr of a show, Lynne Thigpen is a bracing typhoon belter.

THE SEA GULL *by Anton Chekhov*

Chekhov's insistence that his plays were funny simply proves that the best of dramatists may be the worst of guides. The mainsprings of *The Sea Gull's* plot hardly elicit laughter. The jaded Trigorin (Christopher Walken), a fashionable author of about 35, is sensually drawn to Nina (Kathryn Dowling), an innocent 18-year-old. Watching Nina cradle a freshly killed sea gull, Trigorin jots down a writer's note: "An idea for a short story. A young girl has lived in a house on the shore of a lake since childhood, a young girl like you. She loves the lake like a sea gull, and she's as free and happy as a sea gull. But a man comes along, sees her, and just for the fun of it destroys her like that sea gull there." Since that is precisely what happens, how funny is it?

Is it funny that the middle-aging actress Arkadina (Rosemary Harris) is desperately clinging to Trigorin as her last lover, and is so hermetically narcissistic that she contributes to the destruction of her son, the avant-garde writer Konstantin (Brent Spiner)? Is it funny that Konstantin loves Nina, who regards him as a nuisance? Or that he, in turn, is loved by the vodka-swigging Masha (Pamela Payton-Wright), whom he detests?

No. There is humor in Chekhov, but it lights the interstices of his work, not the core. At the center is pain—of unrequited love, of oppressive boredom, of

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Theater

raw edgy nerves, of desolating aloneness.

Under the telling direction of Andrei Serban, the revival at Manhattan's Public Theater embraces all these aspects of Chekhov in part or in whole. The cast is admirable, and Serban's painterly eye groups them in configurations that enhance Jean-Claude van Itallie's faithful and felicitous adaptation of the text. Best of all, this production captures the ruminative pauses in Chekhov when people seem to be listening to faint, melancholy music borne across still, nocturnal waters.

THE WINSLOW BOY
by Terence Rattigan

"Let Right be done" is a tenet of the English courts. Off-Broadway's Roundabout Theater has done right by *The Winslow Boy*, which first appeared on Broadway in 1947. The "well-made play" was much in vogue at that time, and in the carpentry of artifice, Britain's Sir Terence Rattigan probably had no peer.

The story, drawn from a real event in pre–World War I Britain, involves Ronnie (David Haller), a naval cadet who has been expelled for supposedly stealing a five-shilling money order. Convinced that his son is innocent, Arthur Winslow (Ralph Clanton) launches a David-*vs.*-Goliath struggle against the powers that be. Thanks to a top barrister (Remak Ramsay) whose icy hauteur masks a passion for justice, the boy's name is cleared, but the economic and emotional costs are high, especially for Winslow's daughter Catherine, who loses her fiancé. The strikingly attractive Giulia Pagano makes her spunky, perceptive and vulnerable. She is an actress whom you watch from the beginning and are bewitched by at the end.

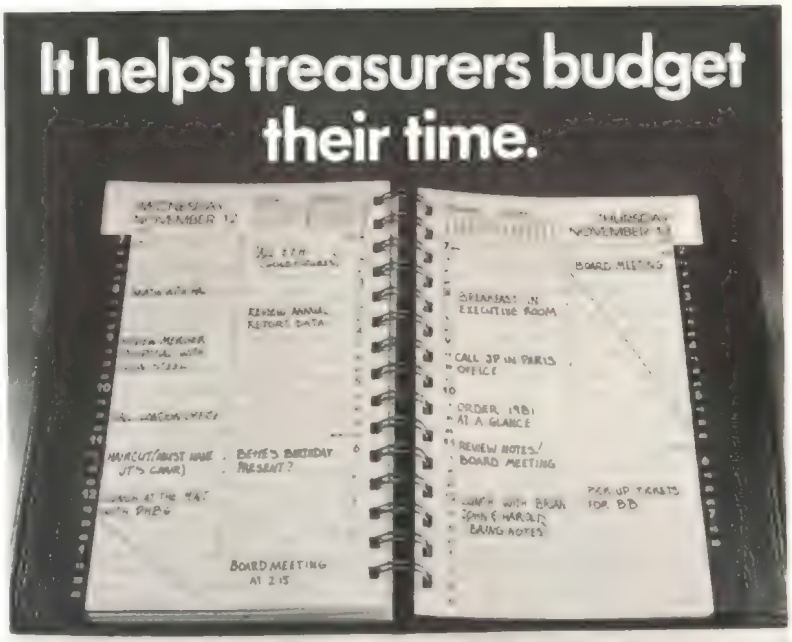
A LIFE *by Hugh Leonard*

Irish Playwright Hugh Leonard is a kind of family doctor among contemporary dramatists. He probes the aches and pain of a lifetime. Drumm (Roy Dotrice), the unheroic hero of *A Life*, whom we first met in Leonard's *"Da,"* is an aging civil servant with razor-blade lips and a cuttingly witty tongue. He is dying of cancer, and what he finds out in this play is that he has squandered his life by suppressing it.

From boyhood on, he made few friends because he was so aloof and acerbic. He lost the only woman he loved (Aideen O'Kelly) by making her feel like an intellectual donkey. He has squelched his wife (Helen Stenborg) and berated his truest friend (Pat Hingle) for being a boozy buffoon.

An unappealing fellow, one may grant; yet his tart tongue yields much of the evening's not inconsiderable humor, and he wins the audience's grudging affection and concern by having applied more cruelly exacting standards to himself than he has to those he has mocked.

—By T.E.K.



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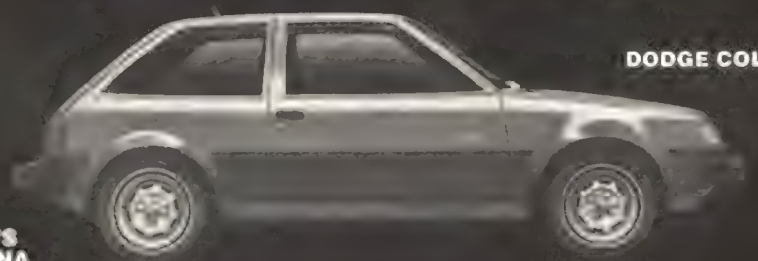

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Datsun 310 2-Door Hatchback	42	32	4	Front	$5,189
Honda Accord	36	27	4	Front	$6,449
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Dodge Colt Hatchback Standard Features: ● 1.4-liter OHC MCA Jet engine with hemispherical combustion chambers ● Electronic ignition ● Rack-and-pinion steering ● Power front disc brakes ● 4-speed manual transaxle ● Steel-belted radial whitewall tires ● Trip odometer, temperature and fuel gauges ● Reclining bucket seats ● Folding rear seat ● Front and rear bumper guards

*Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. †Base sticker prices. Standard equipment levels vary among cars. Destination charges, title and taxes extra. WSW $51 extra on Aries, $52 extra on Omni and $58 extra on 024. **Based on October sales.

Alexander Takes Washington

At the National Gallery, an ancient hero in hiding

If our friends the Iranians are a mite edgy about the fact that Alexander the Great has been summoned to Washington, no one will blame them. The last time Mr. Great dropped in on Persia, he took it, and even now, 2,300 years later, his power is formidable. These days it resides in objects—cups, armor, coins, earrings as huge as civilizations—all aglow like ideas in the gray, composed rooms of Washington's National Gallery of Art. The exhibition of Macedonian and Hellenistic art—paid for in part by Time Inc. —is called "The Search for Alexander." It opened last week for a five-month run at the National Gallery, after which it will travel for two years to museums in Chicago, Boston, San Francisco and New York. It is less a show than an essay.

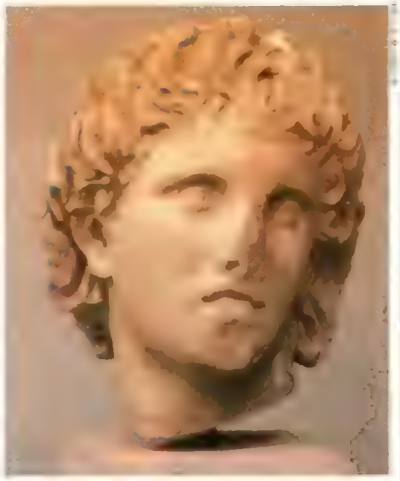
But what a subject for an essay: Alexander the brave, the learned, the musical; Alexander the driven, the murderous, perhaps the mad. Alexander the god. Alexander the drunk. His head dominates the exhibition. In one room there is a congress of his heads, white heads on pillars as if on spears, all facing each other in objective admiration. The ones in the center of the room are spotlit from the ceiling; their shadows make stars on the carpet. It is said that Alexander's real head slept with a dagger and a copy of the *Iliad* under the pillow. But what went on inside?

That may not be the only question the designers of the exhibition had in mind when they arranged it, but the question is unavoidable. The selections were made by J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery, Professor Nicholas Yalouris, inspector-general of the antiquities of Greece, and other experts, all of whom know how to develop a hypothesis as well as an exhibition. The installation affects a quest. It is divided among three distinct, sequential sections that draw one from room to room, back in time from Alexander comic strips and a Daumier cartoon to a final, wine-dark chamber where a wreath of gold leaves and acorns hangs over a gold larnax, or chest, in which Philip II's bones might have lain. The tomb at Vergina in which these treasures were discovered was unearthed in 1977 by Greek Archaeologist Manolis Andronikos. It may not actually be Philip's, but it is pleasant to think it is. In any case, Philip's head is exhibit No. 1 in the show. Even with the nose off, it is one fine head—wide-browed, witty, cross. Spencer Tracy could have played it.

Only one other head in history could have told such a head where to get off; and in fact Alexander did put down his father once, at Philip's wedding feast. Philip had left the wild and crazy Olympias, Alexander's mother, to marry a Macedonian girl younger than Alexander himself (then 18). At the feast, Attalus, a warrior, expressed the hope that their union would bring a legitimate heir to the Macedonian throne, thus implying that Alexander was a bastard. Alexander responded by pitching a goblet at Attalus' head. That set off a brawl during which Philip (probably soused) drew his sword, tripped and tumbled. "Look, men," said Alexander, not one for losing battles. "He's getting ready to cross from Europe to Asia, and he falls crossing from couch to couch."

The search proposed in this exhibition is a search for no ordinary man. Was he in fact a man at all, or were the embalmers justified in trembling before his dead body for fear of touching a god? He certainly acted like a god. At the age of 16 he crushed a Thracian rebellion and founded a city that he named after himself, the first of many. After Philip's death Alexander, all of 20, conquered Greece, won its allegiance, then went off on a war of revenge against Persia. Thebes rebelled; he razed it to the ground (with remorse). He won the battle of Issus, ending Asiatic rule in the Mediterranean. He then took Tyre and Egypt, and defeated Darius, leader of the Persian empire, at Gaugamela in what was the most important battle in antiquity since it made way for the Hellenistic age, which lasted from Alexander's death in 323 B.C. to the time of Augustus, some 20 years before the birth of Jesus. When Alexander died of a fever at 32, his kingdom reached from Illyria on the west to Kashmir on the east, or from Egypt to China. He never lost a battle.

Nor was he some cheap conquistador. His vision of empire was diverse, humanistic; he brought historians and botanists with his armies. According to Plutarch, Alexander saw all men as existing under the rule of a single god. He acted as if he did not merely seek to conquer all creation but also to make sense of it. Like all Greeks, he worshiped Dionysus and reason too. He cut through the Gordian knot, but he was not always so straightforward. He went to visit Diogenes in Corinth because Diogenes would not visit him, and found the philosopher sunbathing. The future conqueror of half the world then asked Diogenes if there was anything he might do for him. "Yes," said Diogenes. "I would have you stand from between me and the sun." Alexander's soldiers laughed at the dull impudence. But Alexander remarked that if he were not Alexander he would choose to be Diogenes.



Head of Alexander; gold chest from the royal tomb at Vergina; pair of bronze greaves

Photographs by Dmitri Kessel

The stories go on like that—the taming of Bucephalus, the horse that refused to be mounted by anyone but the teenage Alexander; the close friendship with his co-commander Hephaestion (whose head is also on display) and the lavish funeral he gave Hephaestion, whom he regarded as another self; the infamous murder of his kinsman Cleitus, which started off as a barroom brawl and wound up with Cleitus having the last word—before Alexander hurled a spear into his heart.

At Alexander's own death, the whole world seemed to wail. So important was he even in death that his general Ptolemy hijacked the funeral car, so that the man-god might be buried close to him in Egypt. Caesar paid homage to his tomb; Mark Antony too, in all probability. After death came the hagiographies. After those, the legends. There is the Alexander of romance, the Christian saint, the Parsee terror, the knight. He appears in the Koran. The Jews revere him. He covers the globe. Then, as if that were not enough, he is said to have ascended to heaven while still alive, and also to the bottom of the sea in a diving bell, where the fish paid their respects.

How then do you get close to such a man? The objects in the exhibition are merely touchstones: a helmet he might have worn, the color of a shallow sea; a silver rhyton, or drinking horn, in the shape of a deer's head, from which he might have drunk; coins that his father had minted in 356 B.C., the year of his birth, commemorating Philip's entering a race horse in the Olympic Games (a sign of acceptance by the Greeks). Heads, Zeus; tails, a jockey. Alexander might have handled those coins.

Then there are all those heads—idealized, of course. They still might evoke the original. Yet one is sullen, one effeminate. One makes him out to be a thug, another a dope. In one the chin is feeble. In another the eyes are dazed. The best of the lot is the one from Pella, his birthplace and the center of his father's kingdom. It is based loosely on the 4th century portraits by Lysippos, Alexander's chosen artist. In that head at least are both the athlete and the thinker, the head atilt with speculation or a reflex. Yet Alexander is not there either—not the Alexander who strolled with Aristotle; or the one who pored over Xenophon; or the Alexander who would only run in the Olympic Games against other kings, since they would not throw the race to him; or the Alexander who envied Achilles because Homer had made him immortal.

In a way, the fact of the exhibition brings Alexander closer than any of its parts. It testifies to his fame. That is what he craved, after all. And he craved fame in a world where such cravings were honorable. Some say that he traded for fame with the gods, exchanging a brief life for a long thereafter. Hamlet tells Horatio that Alexander's fame came to nothing: "To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he finds it stopping a bunghole?" Still, his fame has come this far. His tomb was on display for 700 years and he is not through yet.

The question of motive remains, however. Perhaps it is not an individual matter. The strange, neatly fragmented world of the exhibition is not our world; we clump through it like dinosaurs. For one thing, theirs was a time of simple weapons and elaborate drinking cups. Ours is the reverse. For another, we see death as sleep, and they saw it as an eternal feast, an all-night bash. In short, the ancients would have recognized the code of a Gordon Liddy. But what are most of us to make of a time when war required no explanations or apologies, when generals fought in the middle of their troops, and when it was almost reasonable for a leader, say Alexander, to pluck a spear from his lung so that he could seize more land than he could possibly govern?

Or maybe it never happened that way. There is more myth than fact to Alexander. Perhaps he was in reality a floccillating maniac (with such a mother, why not?), barely containable to his men, the bane of Hephaestion's existence, Aristotle's worst pupil, and so forth. Who will ever know? There is a sentence on the final wall of the exhibition: "The search continues ..." It provides the exhibition's one hokey moment, and it is also misleading, suggesting as it does that a continuing search for Alexander will yield something. The tomb may be unearthed eventually, but not Alexander. If all that marble and gold do not reveal him, neither will his bones.

This is no "ooh" and "aah" exhibition. There are a few startling things: the wreath and the larnax; the bronze greaves that could have been Philip's, and show one leg to have been considerably shorter than the other; the 3-ft.-high bronze krater, or urn, found in a grave at Derveni, encircled by Dionysian figures going through the motions of a languid orgy. And there will be several miniature oohs at the smaller bronzes and the medallions and the three ears of wheat fashioned in gold, life-size and perfect (used as a funerary offering). But the main effect of the show will come after it has left the eyes and visitors begin to mull over the enormity of what is implied here. Most exhibitions create silence. This one should cause insistent talk. How else should we respond to a man who was once the world?

—By Roger Rosenblatt

Bronze krater from Derveni; gold ears of wheat; a silver drinking horn

Barefoot girls chatting with a boy in front of a college coffee shop

Marine biology class examining sea specimens at nearby beach

Education

Dr. Fix-It Goes to Santa Cruz

Trouble in paradise as "the touchy-feely school" sings the blues

Richard Moll, 45, a tweedy graduate of Yale's Divinity School, has become a Dr. Fix-It for colleges that complain of sagging enrollment. As director of admissions for Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Me., Moll brought a slice of pizazz to the countrified, 186-year-old alma mater of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: Moll persuaded Bowdoin to allow applicants to skip the College Board exams, an attention-getting move, and he issued a new college brochure splashed with photos of sunsets, lobster pots and the Maine seacoast. Result: during Moll's eight years at Bowdoin, applications increased from 1,183 to 3,473.

Then Moll moved on to Vassar, a school whose identity fuzzed after it went coeducational. Between 1975 and 1980, Moll mobilized alums, sent admissions staffers to prowl high schools and issued a new brochure whose cover was a cartoon showing a young male student in a Vassar T shirt being jeered by men from Harvard, Princeton and Yale. Again applications rose—from 1,877 to 3,388.

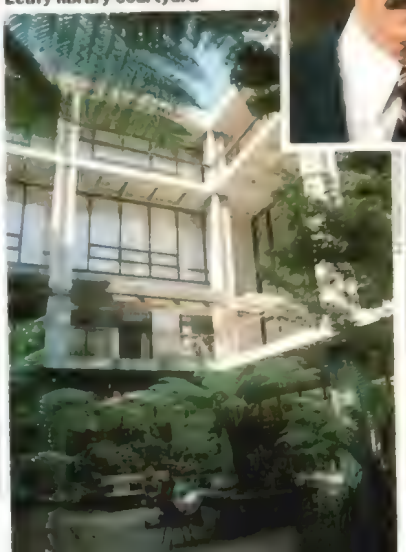
Now Dr. Fix-It has taken on yet another patient, this time a newish school suffering from a trendy reputation rather than the handicaps of tradition—the University of California at Santa Cruz.

For 15 years after its founding in 1965, U.C.S.C. did not bother to play the highly competitive college admissions game. No one, in fact, was designated to serve as full-time dean of admissions. Nevertheless, during the early '70s there were three applicants for each class niche.

One attraction was the breathtakingly beautiful campus built amid a redwood forest high above California's Monterey Bay (students quickly dubbed the resort-like U.C.S.C. "Uncle Charley's Summer Camp"). Another was Santa Cruz's remarkable educational mission. Clark Kerr, longtime president of California's statewide university, had conceived Santa Cruz as a quiet, human-sized island within the state's gargantuan system. It was built around a collection of intimate colleges for students and faculty, as at Oxford. To Kerr's unexceptionable dream were added other more radical ideas in tune with the rebellious '60s. One campus house, Kresge College, was briefly run as a floating encounter group of students and faculty. Campus-wide emphasis was placed on independent study. Most strikingly, it was decided that Santa Cruz students would get no grades; instead, each quarter, instructors wrote careful narrative appraisals of each student's work.

Dean Richard Moll

Leafy library courtyard



For a time, Santa Cruz's reputation as "the touchy-feely school" was a recruitment plus. As Chancellor Robert Sinsheimer puts it, "The image developed that Santa Cruz was a place to come and sort of 'lay back' in the redwoods." Today, though, the most popular undergraduate major at U.C.S.C. is not Zen Buddhism or cosmic consciousness but biology. Only 4% of the students have opted for do-it-themselves interdisciplinary majors.

Still, the school's laid-back image has lately begun to work against it. Students today are reluctant to confront graduate schools and employers with unconventional college grade transcripts. As a result, enrollment at Santa Cruz began to slip after reaching 6,134 in 1976. Last year U.C. President David Saxon warned that the campus would have to trim its faculty unless enrollment rose significantly by 1983. This year the student body is up to 6,472 but that figure includes 460 students who wanted to go to the University of California at Berkeley and came to U.C.S.C. only because they were promised they could transfer to Berkeley later.

One such "redirect," Sophomore Susan Evans, 19, says she likes U.C.S.C. and believes the professors "bend over backward" to help their students. She wants to graduate from Berkeley, though, because of its prestige. But redirected Berkeley Applicant Emily Buchbinder, 18, plans to stay at Santa Cruz, because, she

Alec Guinness Ricky Schroder in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

One day he was an American nobody, just a kid living in a New York tenement. Then suddenly, he was an English aristocrat — destined to become the Earl of Dorincourt!

Millions have loved the heart-warming story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." And now it comes to TV, with Academy Award winner Alec Guinness...and 10-year-old Ricky Schroder, who starred in "The Champ."

Laugh a little, cry a little, but don't miss even a little!

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ITT

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believes, it has a better program in her major, politics. "I'm definitely glad I came here," she says. "I feel I belong, and I don't think I would have felt that way if I had gone to Berkeley."

Preventing the threatened faculty cutbacks is Richard Moll's goal as the new dean of admissions. Author of a guidebook for high schoolers and their parents titled *Playing the Private College Admissions Game*, now selling well in paperback, Moll is at work on a second book, *The Public Ivies: Admission to a New National Elite*. Joined by new recruiters, Moll plans to visit 600 high schools this year to sell Santa Cruz. Predictably he has also printed 30,000 copies of U.C.S.C.'s first glossy "view book" full of color photos of the Pacific seacoast and sunsets amid the redwoods. The essence of his sales pitch, though, is no more flamboyant than Clark Kerr's original vision of Santa Cruz. Moll calls the school "the near perfect hybrid," blending the large public university and the small private college. "This place feels like Vassar or Bowdoin," he says. "The academic tone, the small size and the location all contribute to the feeling of a private college. But we draw on the resources of a famous, good—maybe the best—public university system."

Moll also intends to compete on price, since the yearly cost at state-supported Santa Cruz is as low as $3,400 for Californians. Says he: "Any number of families will strain to get the money for Stanford or Harvard or perhaps Duke. I'm not certain that those families will strain as hard to get $8,500 or more for less prestigious private colleges such as Skidmore or Vanderbilt or Boston University—superb as those institutions are. Here sits a state university that feels like one of those private colleges, at a lower price for an out-of-stater, and in a state where one can become a resident within a year and pay in-state prices for three years."

Faculty members at U.C.S.C. are anxiously awaiting the fruits of Moll's efforts, and have even pitched in by personally telephoning prospective students and offering to answer questions about the school. This year applications have increased. Many faculty members fear, though, that Santa Cruz's narrative evaluation system is threatened by the enrollment drive. Last year the academic senate came close to authorizing optional grading for students who desired it. Says American Politics Professor Karl Lamb: "If you have both systems, the grade, which is much easier to give, will drive out the evaluations." Adds his faculty colleage John Dizikes: "The narrative evaluation system is part of a cluster of things that help us take teaching more seriously. I believe it's a superior system."

Responds Moll: "I'm torn. I like the idea and what it means to Santa Cruz tradition, but high schoolers—and their parents—perceive it as a real liability. I'm faced with the hard fact that it doesn't seem to sell." —*By Kenneth M. Pierce. Reported by William Hackman/Santa Cruz*

Religion

Which "Miserable Offenders"?

Petitions and hot words over England's modernized prayer book

"Many believers fear that it amounts to the most willful act of puritanical vandalism since Cromwell's Roundheads defaced the statues and shattered the stained glass," an editorial in the London *Daily Mail* thundered last week. What was enraging the editors? It turned out to be the publication of the Church of England's new *Alternative Service Book*. The book will henceforth be used in liturgy as a modernized alternative to the version of the *Book of Common Prayer* issued in the 17th century, just after the Roundheads lost power.

Queen Elizabeth with book and archbishop

Finally the House of Commons lets go.

This is the first time since 1662 that the Church of England has made any substantial change in its liturgy. The Episcopal Church, the U.S. offshoot of the Church of England, updated its *Book of Common Prayer* in 1928. But in England a similar effort was blocked by the House of Commons. Parliament did not give the church authority to revise its liturgy until 1965.

Like the latest U.S. Episcopal revision, voted in last year after fierce debate, the English *Alternative Service Book* aims to provide easily understood language and numerous optional forms of services. In the process, many resounding and beloved phrases have been dropped or altered. The archaic "I plight thee my troth" of the wedding vow gives way to "This is my solemn vow." "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace" becomes "Lord now you let your servant go in peace." "We praise thee, O God" changes to "You are God and we praise you." "We are truly sorry and repent for our sins" replaces "O Lord, have mercy upon us miserable offenders." For traditionalists in England the miserable offenders are the people who produced such rewrites.

The new U.S. *Book of Common Prayer* has supplanted the old. The new *Alternative Service Book*, English church officials insist, is merely to "supplement" the 1662 version. But opponents fear that it will eventually eliminate traditional prayers and King James Bible readings. As evidence, they contend that the old services are already virtually unused in theological schools and in parishes that have used the new rites during an extended trial period.

In reaction, hundreds of famous and distinguished Britons have petitioned the church to keep the 1662 book in the "mainstream of worship." Among signers: former Prime Minister Lord Home, Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, Historian Lord Dacre (Hugh Trevor-Roper), Conductor Sir Adrian Boult, Sculptor Henry Moore, Novelist William Golding, Lord Olivier and Glenda Jackson. Actor Paul Scofield says Britons feel "dismay" over the likely loss of so much "that is deeply poetic and influential in our language."

Bishops together with priests and lay delegates established a liturgical commission to modernize church rites, and then voted to approve its work. But David Martin, a sociologist at the London School of Economics who leads the opposition campaign, claims that the majority of Christians on the nation's university faculties want to retain the old liturgy. Martin contends that theologically the new book "diminishes the majesty of God" and that aesthetically "the church has contracted a severe dislike of beauty. If it supposes that these words are going to reach out to the unchurched masses, it is mightily deluded."

Proponents of the changes, by contrast, claim that the simpler text will attract people who have fallen away from the church, especially the young. Presenting a copy of the *Alternative Service Book* to Queen Elizabeth last week, Archbishop of York Stuart Blanch declared that the *Book of Common Prayer* was "imposed by law upon a largely unwilling church." The new liturgy, he stated, is a "people's book." Perhaps. But traditionalists cite a Gallup survey showing that a majority of English churchgoers favor the old rites over the new. ■

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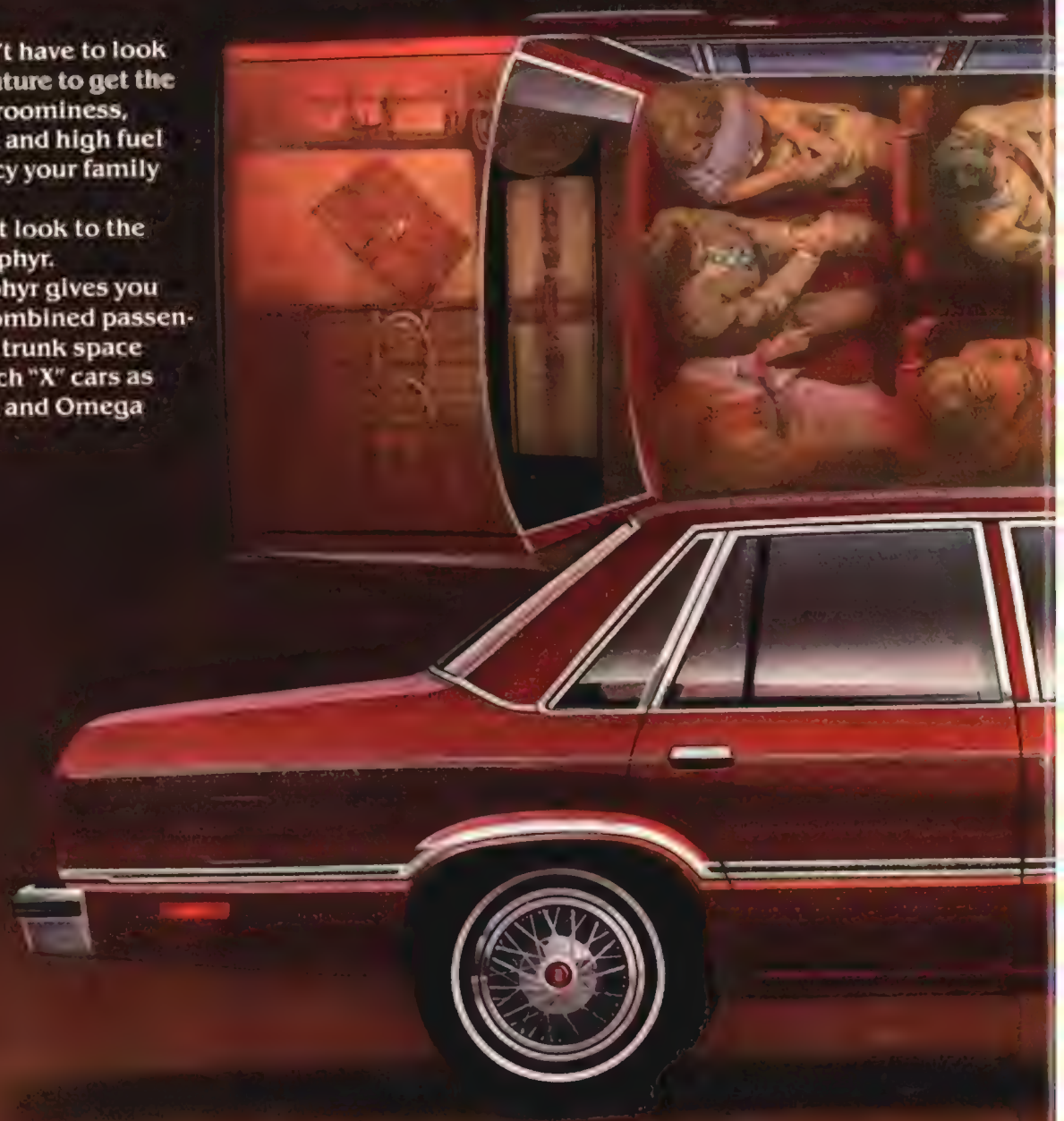

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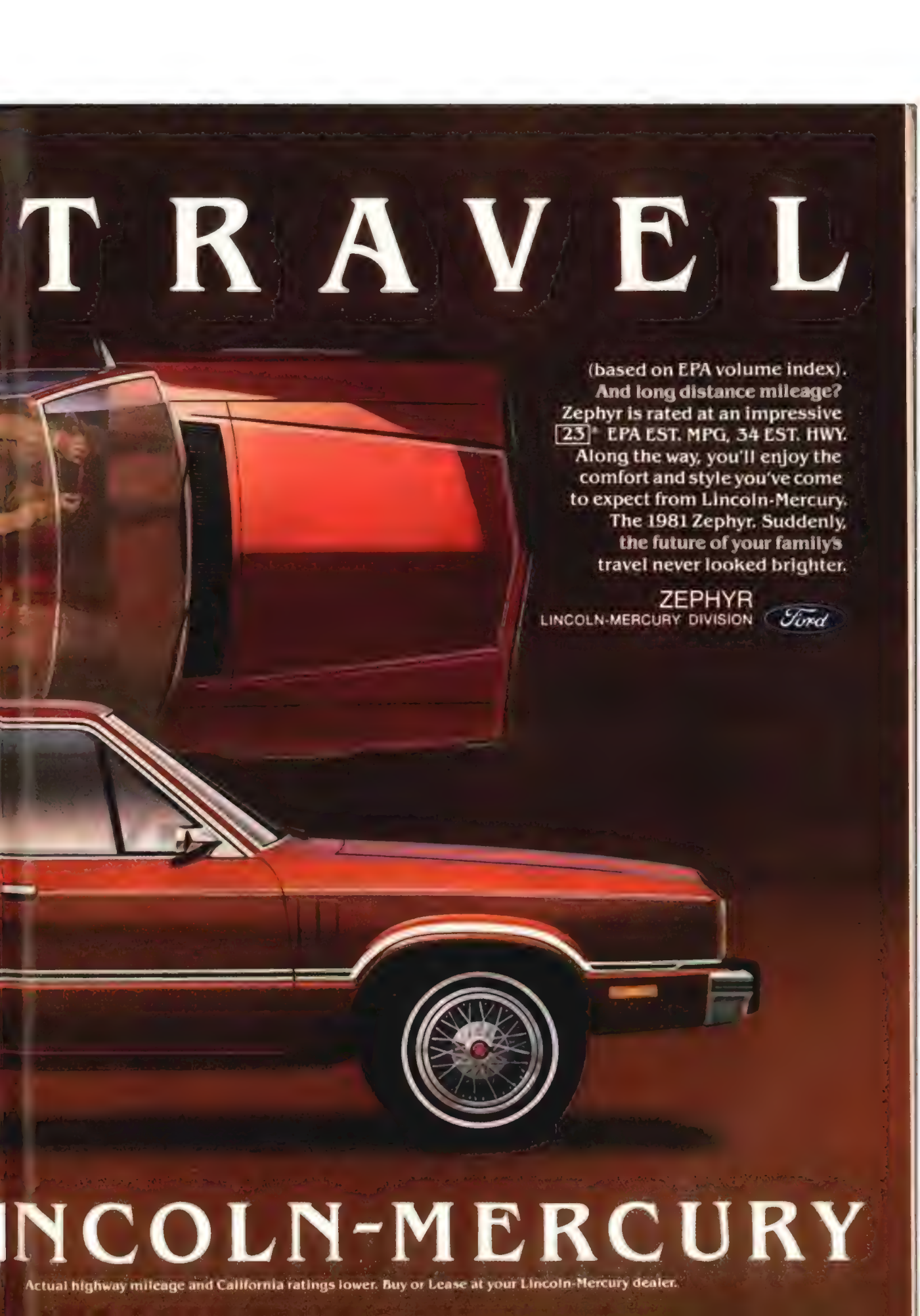

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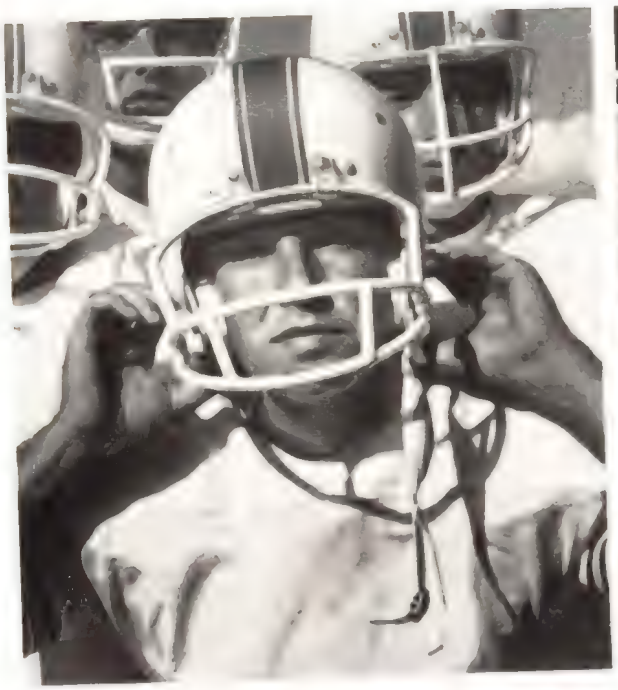

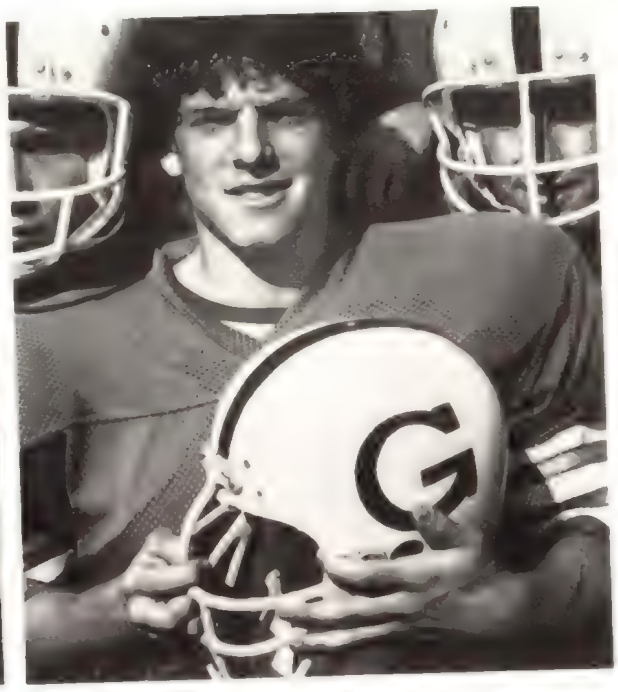

One of these helmets came off the field and off the market when the rules of the game changed.

Not the football rules, but the rules of the legal system under which manufacturers can be sued for damages. In recent years, courts have been inclined to hold a product manufacturer or distributor liable for injuries even when the company had met safety standards or when the injured person was negligent in using the product.

As a result, judgments, settlements and legal costs in liability cases have increased dramatically Businesses are faced with uncertainty in trying to gauge the extent of their exposure to lawsuit. When these factors outweigh the benefits of making a product, that product will leave the marketplace

That's what happened to the manufacturer of the helmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets until, as he says, the legal climate changes in the United States. It has happened also to some makers of vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now the chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply concerned about the potential financial impact of recent court decisions

As a major group of property and casualty insurance companies, we, too, are concerned about this problem. Our companies provide insurance designed to protect business from financial loss resulting from a lawsuit. This protection normally encourages business to remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers to develop new products, to provide more jobs and generally to contribute to our economy

But the trend in legal judgments threatens all that stability. As lawsuit settlements and awards become higher, insurance companies tend to be more cautious in writing insurance coverage. And they must charge more for it. That in turn causes manufacturers and sellers to raise their prices to cover the increased cost of insurance protection. Which means that consumers pay more for what they buy

It's frustrating, but not hopeless. Steps can be taken to prevent injuries and to control the rise of liability costs And that would benefit everyone

Here's what we're doing:

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Press

Times, Gents

Deadline for the "Thunderer"

Throughout its 195 years as the crisply formal dowager of Fleet Street, the *Times* of London has written a glorious history for itself. The newspaper reported the grim news of the doomed charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimean War and brought word to Britain of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. Alas, it appears that the "Thunderer," as the *Times* has long been known, may soon meet its own Waterloo. Last month the paper's proprietor, Lord Thomson of Fleet, announced that the *Times* (circ. 315,700) and its sister *Sunday Times* (circ. 1,418,500) would be shut down if buyers were not found by next March. Last week Thomson, 57, gave some teeth to that deadline: all offers must be submitted by Dec. 31 and, if a sale is not forthcoming, the papers will close, starting March 8.

Thomson argued that his ultimatum is necessary because of the papers' unruly and often anarchic unions. In 1978 alone, 74 work stoppages cost the papers $5.6 million. That year Thomson offered eight unions, representing some 4,000 employees of Times Newspapers Ltd., generous boosts in wages and benefits—if they would agree to gradual implementation of laborsaving technology, a new, fast-acting disputes procedure and a guarantee of uninterrupted production. When some unions balked at the compromise, Thomson suspended publication of both papers for eleven months during 1978 and 1979, a shutdown that cost the company some $82 million in pretax losses. A strike this year by the daily *Times's* journalists, their first ever, cost a further $1.4 million and is expected to bring 1980 pretax losses to $36 million. Meanwhile, rival Associated Newspapers Ltd. is blaming high production costs and continuing heavy losses for the demise last month of the 99-year-old *Evening News* (circ. 460,000). Brooded London's *Financial Times:* "The unions have, at the very least, crippled the goose which has laid many golden eggs."

To ensure that a new buyer would not inherit the same problems that have nagged Thomson for so long, he is hoping for a guarantee from the unions of future cooperation. Said Thomson last week: "Frankly, we've had more cooperation in production than we've had for years. It's rather bittersweet." So far, no potential buyer has stepped forward. *Times* Editor William Rees-Mogg, 52, is trying to organize a consortium of management and journalists to buy the daily, and has even received pledges of up to $480,000 from readers. But as the "Thunderer" itself editorialized: Potential proprietors are like "taxicabs—plentiful when the sun is shining, but scarce on a rainy day." ■

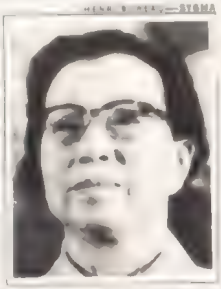
Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Four Is Too Small a Gang

Like Americans with their election campaign, the Chinese are experiencing one of those news events that get staled by going on far too long. This is the much postponed trial of the Gang of Four. To the West, the Gang of Four is one of those incredible propaganda overkills that take place whenever Communist regimes reverse course and scapegoats must be found. But a trip to China last month in a party of 34 Americans (most of them architects, and mostly from Texas) gave this visitor an appreciation of how useful such a phony campaign can be, not to the government, but to the people.

The systematic devastation wrought by the Cultural Revolution—ten years of schools and colleges closed down, intellectuals imprisoned or sent to work on farms, cultural treasures of the past destroyed, all technological progress halted —was obviously too sweeping to be the work of just four people.

True, Jiang Qing, Mao's widow, makes a convincing villain: she all but destroyed the Peking Opera and the theater by permitting only dull, politically correct works. (Nowadays at theatrical performances, foreigners sometimes find themselves clapping more than the Chinese present; the guide explains that during the Cultural Revolution, when attendance was compulsory but the programs awful, the Chinese withheld applause as a form of retaliation, and are only now beginning to clap again.) Everybody knows that many of the bureaucrats who waged the Cultural Revolution still occupy high places. But the government's propaganda campaign lets writers, intellectuals and the public denounce the wrongheaded policies of their party and their government as long as they share in the pretense that it was all the dastardly work of four people.



Mao's widow Jiang Qing

Visitors to China thus hear a degree of candor that is surprising in a Communist country—a circumscribed but nonetheless real outburst of public opinion. Of course, the kind of people visitors come in contact with —guides and professionals, not workers and peasants —suffered the most in the Cultural Revolution and have the most to fear from any revival of it.

They must feel cynical, nonetheless, when the *People's Daily*, the official party paper, confesses to its 6 million readers that until recently its guiding principle had been: "News is lies. No great task is ever accomplished without deceiving people." The *People's Daily* now proclaims, with that delicacy of language so characteristic of Communist polemics, "Falsehood in news is like rat droppings in clear soup."

The new candor in criticizing the past is better sampled in the October issue of *Chinese Literature*, a monthly highbrow review. In it is a critique of a new play, *Winter Jasmine*, which has just won a prize for the best production of the year, and is praised for its "courage in dealing with a crucial problem in China today." The action takes place just two years ago in a textile mill. The heroine's father had been "declared in the past a counterrevolutionary; her mother had been labeled as a Rightist." Yet, Bai Jie is a model worker: "Should her unfortunate background be counted against her?" The hero is a party secretary who was deposed during the Cultural Revolution and has "suffered much. His wife, for example, was beaten to death." But the female deputy secretary, "imbued with the old ways of thinking," sees to it that an incompetent gets rewarded instead of Bai Jie. The reviewer describes this as the first play where the daughter of a counterrevolutionary is so favorably portrayed. It sounds like a politically stacked soap opera, but there is the scent of truth in it. The playwright, Tsui Dezhi, a writer for 32 years, had to work in a textile mill during the Cultural Revolution. Pointing the moral, the review notes that "there are many young people in China today whose family backgrounds have counted against them in the past. Bai Jie is an encouragement to them. She is the winter jasmine of the play, the harbinger of spring."

A similar harbinger of spring was proclaimed 24 years ago when Mao briefly let a hundred flowers bloom, only to lop off the heads of flowers that bloomed too boldly. Whether *Winter Jasmine* is another harbinger, or an out-of-season shoot destined to wither in the next frost, a skeptical and ignorant outsider cannot judge. He can only detect, in a hostile environment that has relaxed a little, a widespread longing, and some touching, hopeful and courageous acts.

Economy & Business

Waiting for Reaganomics

What investors and executives expect from the "businessman's populist"

The President-elect's swearing-in was still eleven weeks away, but on Wall Street, which has long been Ronald Reagan country, the bulls began a kind of Inaugural Ball right after the landslide. In the eight trading days following Nov. 4, investors grabbed up long-depressed shares with enough zeal to set new records for trading volume and push the widely watched Dow Jones industrial average of 30 blue-chip stocks up by 49 points, to 986.35; that was a half point below the previous high reached on Jan. 10, 1977—just ten days before Jimmy Carter moved into the White House. At week's end some brokers were speculating that the market had enough upward momentum to propel the Dow through the magic 1,000 level—which it last hit in 1973—by the time Reagan takes up residence at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Led by mutual funds and other institutions, which had mostly been sitting on the sidelines in the waning weeks of the campaign, investors sent share prices soaring on the very day after the election. Although the Dow wound up that session with an impressive 16-point gain, at one time it stood 45 points above the pre-election close. Moreover, an unprecedented 84.1 million shares were traded on the New York Stock Exchange. Prices later slipped back as banks boosted the interest rates they charge their prime corporate customers by a full point, to 15½%. But the chill of rising rates, which nearly always push stocks down, was short-lived, and the market resumed its climb last week. Almost all kinds of issues rose, but the big gainers were energy and defense companies, which stand to benefit from Reagan's plans to speed deregulation of domestic oil and natural gas prices and beef up the armed forces.

Whether the stock surge was the start of a long Reagan rally was problematical. If the buying spree continues, it will be in the face of not only signs of continued economic slump and inflation but also some Wall Street history. In modern times, stocks have usually climbed through the first year of a new Democratic Administration.* But the last time the Dow rose in the Inaugural year of a Republican Administration was in 1925, after Calvin Coolidge was elected.

In part, the market's glow reflects a conviction in the business community that happy times will return with the incoming Administration. Says Felix Rohatyn, a partner in the influential Lazard Freres investment-banking firm: "Reagan is a businessman's populist. Under the Carter Administration, they considered themselves the whipping boys, overregulated and over-Naderized. Now they all see a better climate coming."

Among the cheeriest businessmen are energy company executives. They have hopes that an Administration with a pronounced free-market economic philosophy will bring into being many items on their wish list, including stepped-up leasing of federal lands for oil and gas exploration, the easing of burdensome environmental rules and perhaps even a cut in the windfall-profits tax on the rising revenues from "old" crude oil. But a good many oilmen look for relief in these areas not so much from a G.O.P. White House as from conservatives who will be replacing anti-oil company liberals on key committees on Capitol Hill. Says Alton Whitehouse Jr., chairman of Standard Oil Co. (Ohio): "What I am really pleased about is what happened in Congress. It has been the true disaster area."

More broadly, executives hope that the incoming Administration can temper the antibusiness hostility that they believe has prevailed in Washington for much of the 1970s and complicated efforts to deal with the nation's economic malaise. The Reagan White House, says Charles Bliss, chief executive officer of Chicago's Harris Bank, has an opportunity to "set the tone for the beginning of the decade toward

*One exception: 1977, when Jimmy Carter went to Washington

Illustration for TIME by Jack Davis

solving our problems of inflation, slipping productivity and declining standard of living. We will have a whole new appraisal of the role of Government."

Perhaps, but Reagan's first priority will be to deal with some pressing economic problems. During the campaign, notes Chicago Economist Robert Genetski, "Reagan did not concentrate on the pain ahead. The necessary economic adjustment was underplayed, and 1981 is going to be rough." The new Administration, as Banker Rohatyn notes, will be "starting off with all the momentum going the wrong way." Instead of inheriting an economy that is expanding smartly, as he might have hoped, Reagan is faced with one that could plunge into recession again sometime this winter. At best, economists say, the prospect is for almost no real growth over the next twelve months.

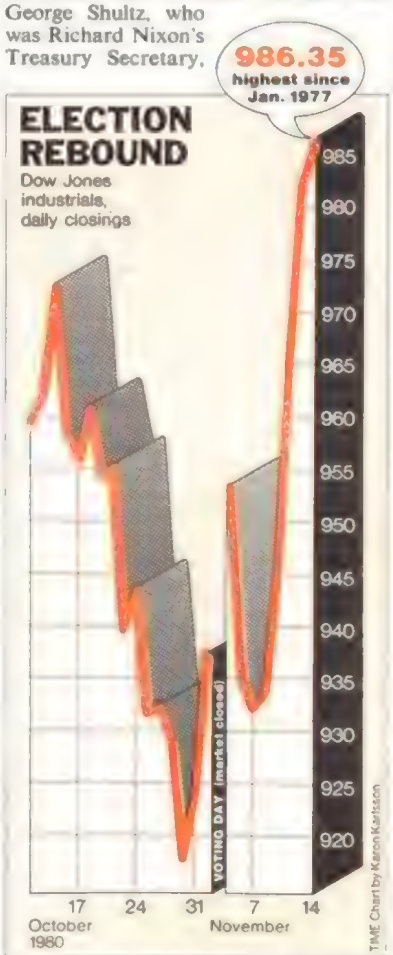
Much of the problem lies with high interest rates. While many Wall Street bulls are betting that rates have just about peaked, others believe that the cost of money will go even higher. The Federal Reserve Board fueled those fears late last week when it boosted the discount rate, the interest it charges on loans to member banks, from 11% to 12%, and tacked on an additional 2% surcharge for especially big bank borrowers. A number of Fed watchers believe that the central bank plans to work hard at least through Jan. 20 to rein in the money supply, whose growth is still exceeding Fed Chairman Paul Volcker's targets. Says Investment Analyst Julian Snyder: "For Volcker, the next three months provide a great opportunity to clamp on the monetary brakes with minimum political interference. He can try to wring out in December what could not be wrung out in May."

Inflation is sure to rise above its present 12.7% annual rate over the next few months; some economists even foresee a rerun of the price explosion of last spring, when the rate briefly hit 18%. One of the villains will be food prices; they may rise by as much as 2% a month this winter because of a poor harvest and overseas demand. At the same time, the unemployment level, now 7.6%, will creep up as rising interest rates slow down homebuilding and other industries. As it is, the economy is very sluggish. New home sales in September dropped 14% from the previous month, and retail trade, depressed by continued weakness in the auto and building-material markets, slipped back in October after rising for four consecutive months.

Given the still parlous state of the economy, it is uncertain whether Reagan as President will press for the program espoused by Reagan the candidate. The former California Governor has by no means disavowed his campaign-trail proposals to cut personal and corporate taxes, increase defense spending and reduce the federal deficit—or his assertion that the economy can be returned to health without much cost to Americans in terms of lowered standards of living. Reagan endorses the views of so-called supply-siders like Congressman Jack Kemp and former Treasury Secretary William Simon, who want to spur growth by stimulating business investment rather than consumer spending. The President-elect maintains that the country can spend its way out of the slump without stoking inflation.

But is this realistic? Some Reagan advisers say that the answer is yes—if the new Administration can achieve a delicate balance in the timing of cuts in taxes and cuts in spending. They insist that they can quickly carve $13 billion, or 2% of the total, out of the current fiscal 1981 budget, even though it will have already been in effect for four months by the time the new Administration takes office. Simon says that there is "still plenty of fat" in that budget, including unspecified items of "fraud, abuse and waste" that, he says, amount to $100 billion. Once the fat is sliced away, goes the argument, Reagan can move to honor his pledge to cut personal income taxes by 10% a year for three years. This can scarcely be inflationary, Simon maintains, "because the economy is turning over at only 74% of its capacity."

Fiscal conservatives like Reagan Advisers Alan Greenspan, the Ford Administration's chief economic adviser, and George Shultz, who was Richard Nixon's Treasury Secretary, dispute the Simon scenario. They note that the 1981 budget has a deficit of at least $50 billion already locked in. The addition of $10 billion to $20 billion in defense spending increases pledged by Reagan plus the planned tax cut would put the budget $100 billion in the red. Says Lora Collins, a Conference Board economist: "Reagan's growth policy runs a real risk of overstimulating, while no one knows how much new business activity would be unleashed, or how much tax revenue generated."



Simon concedes that the new Administration will not produce any miracles. "We are not going to see immediate results," he says. "Everyone is wondering how you are going to increase defense spending and balance the budget. It will not be done in one year. It will be done over the President's first term in office. We did not get into this mess overnight, and we are not going to get out of it overnight."

Businessmen seem willing to grant Reagan ample time to get his program in place. Says Crocker National Bank Economist Thomas Thomson: "The economic levers available to a President aren't that good any more, and the short lead times of the '60s just don't work. Things aren't going to be a helluva lot better in the first part of '81."

One Reagan pledge on which businessmen hope to see fast action is his vow to reduce Government regulation. He has already said he will scrap the failed Carter wage and price guidelines as soon as he takes office, and some expect him to proclaim a moratorium on the issuance of new rules by Washington's myriad regulatory agencies. Says W. Martin Dillon, chairman of Northwestern Steel and Wire Co. of Sterling, Ill.: "The biggest thing the Reagan Administration could do is just stay out of our hair."

Detroit, especially, is anticipating the early departure of Nader Disciple Joan Claybrook as head of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, where she pushed hard for the air bags and tighter fuel-efficiency standards for trucks and vans that caused auto-industry headaches. Yale Professor Merton Peck, a Johnson Administration adviser, expects to see increased deregulation of small businesses where, he says, enforcement of rules is erratic and costly, and benefits to employees and consumers are marginal.

Inevitably, there will be criticism of the new Administration's individual programs and appointments. But businessmen seem united in their view that it will bring a marked improvement over the stop-and-go economic policies of Jimmy Carter, which thwarted anti-inflation efforts and severely complicated corporate planning. Still, honeymoons have a way of ending abruptly. The burden will be on the new Republican in the White House to prove that he can deliver a robust economy. *By Alexander Taylor. Reported by William Blaylock/Washington and other U.S. bureaus*

No to Curbs on Japanese Cars

But even in Tokyo, talk of voluntary restraint is rising

In Detroit 1980 was the year the U.S. auto industry launched a do-or-die campaign against imports. Commercials have pitted new, small, front-wheel-drive cars against foreign competitors in bumper-to-bumper comparisons, as automen tried to fight their way out of an 18-month sales slump. Last week, however, they lost a major battle in their campaign. After 19 weeks of inquiry, including 44 hours of public hearings, the U.S. International Trade Commission ruled 3 to 2 against an argument by Ford and the United Auto Workers' union that the tide of overseas autos, particularly Japanese models, ought to be curbed by Government.

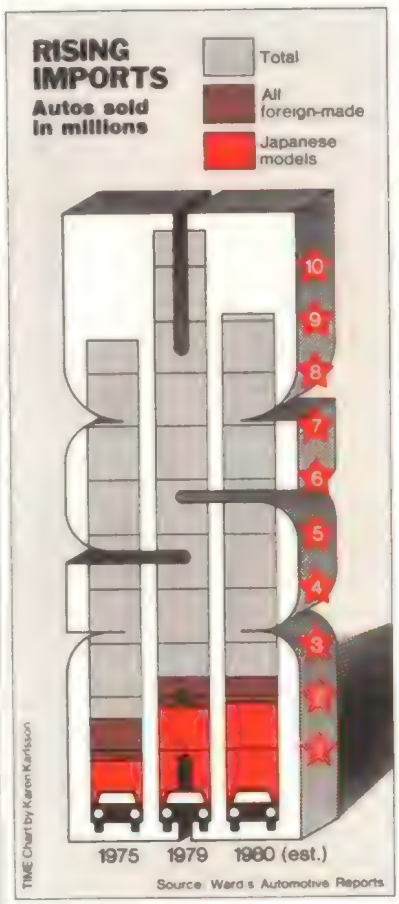
The five commissioners agreed that the U.S. auto industry, which so far this year has lost $3.7 billion and laid off 181,000 employees, or 23% of its usual work force, has been hurt badly. But under U.S. trade law, imports can be restricted only if the ITC finds them to be as big a factor as any other in causing the industry-wide malaise. The commission did not. The three members who formed the majority (all of whom happen to drive foreign cars) judged that the business slump and the rising popularity of gas-sipping models were more to blame. Said Commissioner Paula Stern, 35, a Carter appointee and former legislative aide in the Senate: "I have found that economic conditions—recession, the credit crunch, rising costs of car ownership—and a major, unprecedented shift in demand from large to small cars brought the domestic industry to its present weakened state."

The case was the biggest ever laid on the 64-year-old ITC, which acts as an investigative arm for the White House in cases of import-troubled industries. If the commission rules for protection, as it has done in 27 of the 44 cases it has handled since 1975, the matter goes to the President for a decision on whether to impose restrictions on foreign products. The Carter Administration's record in acting on ITC verdicts, however, has been mixed.

The President tried unsuccessfully to get the ITC to make its decision before the election, to show his concern for Detroit's problems. Now that the commission has ruled against the U.A.W.-Ford petition, the initiative has passed from the White House. Congress can impose import curbs, but despite strong efforts by Midwestern Congressmen, sentiment for such action may be ebbing.

Businessmen and other students of trade mostly approved of the ITC ruling, if only because they feared that restrictions on auto imports could set off an intercontinental trade war. Says Economist Beryl Sprinkel, of Chicago's Harris Bank: "Limiting auto imports would not be the end of it. If we start down that road, the whole world can play the game."

Visiting competitors examining Ford Escort



Undeniably, Detroit's woes are acute. So far, consumer reaction to its new small cars has been tepid. In October, Chrysler's sales were 6% above a year ago on the strength of its K-cars. But Ford was off 20%, despite the debut of its Escort and Lynx subcompacts, and slipped an additional 8.5% in early November.

Ford has led the drive for import curbs because its up-to-now weak lineup of small cars has made it more vulnerable to imports than either Chrysler or General Motors. Ford's market share has slumped badly this year, from 21% to 17%. Says Chairman Philip Caldwell: "The U.S. can't afford the continuing exploitation of our market by the Japanese." GM, which has maintained its 46% market share, opposes trade barriers in favor of voluntary restrictions. But Chairman-designate Roger Smith fears that the ITC decision would take the clout out of any future trade negotiations. Said he: "In many respects, the ruling just makes the problem more difficult."

Not surprisingly, the Japanese cheered the ITC ruling. H. William Tanaka, Washington counsel for the Japan Automobile Manufacturers Association, said it could be interpreted as a "victory for those who favor deregulation of the economy." Left unsaid was whether that might include the new Administration.

Both Ford and the U.A.W. will continue to fight for import limits. Ford's Caldwell flew to Washington last week to urge legislators to pass a bill permitting the President to negotiate curbs with the Japanese. Although several trade-restriction bills are pending in the Congress, any action during the current lameduck session is highly unlikely.

The issue will be left for Ronald Reagan to deal with. The President-elect spoke out strongly during the campaign for auto-industry aid, including such measures as an easing of regulations on emissions and safety but did not mention import restrictions. However, Reagan emphatically believes that free trade must be fair trade. He says it is better for the U.S. "to aggressively pursue a reduction in foreign nations' trade barriers rather than to erect more barriers of our own." Once in office, he might push for voluntary curbs by Japan.

The Japanese have been watching U.S. developments carefully, aware that protectionist feelings could erupt in the new Congress. While their share of U.S. auto sales this year has climbed to 27.7%, up from 21.7% during the same period in 1979, the Japanese talk publicly about maintaining "orderly" markets while Detroit shifts production to smaller cars. Nissan President Takashi Ishihara noted last week that a recent drop in shipments to the U.S. is likely to continue. Said he: "We will exercise caution in exporting automobiles to America, while watching trends on the U.S. market." ■

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Olayan's Way

A Saudi who buys American

With his short, grizzled hair and dour expression, he looks more like the head of a Soviet trade mission than a Saudi businessman with far-flung interests and resources. He owns no jets or yachts, and is never seen at the playgrounds of the rich. Suliman Olayan, 62, is instead a self-made, thoroughly westernized entrepreneur who, among other activities, has been quietly using a cash surplus of about $300 million to buy big stakes in more than 60 U.S. companies.

Nonetheless, Olayan's name was rarely seen on the financial pages until October, when he paid $18 million to raise his holdings in the First Chicago Corp., which owns the ninth largest U.S. bank, from 4.5% to 7.5%. Later, for the first time, he accepted an invitation to join a U.S. board of directors. That was at Mobil, the nation's No. 2 oil company; Olayan owns $15 million worth of stock in Mobil, which depends on Saudi wells for about half its crude oil.

For all of his anonymity, Olayan is well known to influential Americans such as Occidental Petroleum Boss Armand Hammer, former Bechtel Chief Stephen Bechtel and Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman David Rockefeller. Says Olayan, whose investment in Chase is second only to Rockefeller's 1.7%: "I make quite sure that my share is always smaller than his." The man in charge of Olayan's U.S. operations, run from its headquarters on Manhattan's Park Avenue, is ex-Treasury Secretary William Simon, who is also one of Ronald Reagan's advisers.

The son of a spice merchant, Olayan (pronounced o-la-*yan*) started work in 1937 as a dispatcher for an organization that became the Arabian American Oil Co. and used his excellent English, learned in high school in Bahrain, to make himself invaluable. In time he was negotiating land rights for Aramco and accompanying its resident boss on visits to the Saudi royal court. In 1947, when Aramco began a major pipeline project, Olayan was asked to become a contractor. He mortgaged his house for $8,000, bought four trucks and was on his way.

Eventually his contracting firm became the nucleus of the Olayan Saudi Holding Co., a Riyadh-based conglomerate that boasts revenues of $300 million a year from such varied sources as sales of International Harvester construction equipment and the distribution of Campbell's soups and other foods. An Olayan-controlled insurance firm, the first in Saudi Arabia, earned $101 million in brokerage fees last year; another Olayan outfit owns or controls 35 companies engaged variously in farming chickens, desalinating water and building Riyadh's new $4 billion airport.

Olayan calls Aramco "my university." His years there taught him how Western corporations operate and made him eager to do business with them. Aside from some real estate in England and interests in a few West German companies, his investments are concentrated in the U.S. Most of his portfolio is in shares of utilities and companies involved in coal and other resources. But about a third of his holdings are in stocks of nine banks. Explains Olayan: "Their resources are infinite. Their raw material is money, and it does not deplete" like oil and gas. Associates also cite a gut interest in banking, perhaps stemming from a time 15 years ago when Olayan's Saudi companies were overextended and Citibank called in $2 million in loans. Says a friend: "Since then he has had a hate-love relationship with banks. He can get very excited when he tells of how they almost pulled the rug out from under him."

The ex-dispatcher in his Manhattan office

No jets or yachts, just a yen for U.S. stock.

Olayan has no desire to run the companies he invests in. He keeps his holdings low, because "after 10%, you become part of management." The one exception is his more than 11% stake (worth $8 million) in the brokerage firm of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette. When Chairman Richard Jenrette, an old Olayan friend, asked him if he wanted to put a representative on the board, Olayan replied, "You are my representative."

He takes pride in advisory posts he holds at the Stanford Research Institute and Rockefeller University. Three of his four children have U.S. degrees and his third wife, Mary Padikis Olayan, once a secretary for Aramco, is American. Now that his only son, Khaled, 32, is running the Saudi companies, Olayan appears to be concentrating on the U.S. economy to provide his business with a long-enduring international dimension. ■

Wobbly Mark

Bonn's belt-tightening

One symbol of West Germany's postwar *Wirtschaftswunder*, or economic miracle, has long been the muscular deutsche mark, which gained strength as the currencies of other industrial states went soft and saggy. But the mark has been taking a beating itself since Oct. 31, and two weeks ago it staggered so badly that the central banks of the U.S., Britain and France had to take rushed measures to prop it up. Before it began to recover last week, the mark slumped to a low of 51.2¢ against the dollar, a prolonged slide from its high of 58.8¢ last January. It was also slipping against such onetime weaklings as the British pound, the French franc and even the Italian lira.

Ironically, West Germany's economic problems now seem comparatively trifling. Inflation is on the rise, yet still only 5.3%; unemployment is just 3.8%. But these numbers will worsen next year when the growth rate, now a feeble 2%, is expected to drop to almost zero, as rising prices for imported oil and increased foreign competition weaken the heavily export-based economy. The balance of payments deficit, which was $1 billion in 1979, will probably balloon this year to $20 billion, which would be the highest of any industrialized nation. West Germany has also accumulated a national debt so large—it now totals $231.8 billion—that it became a highly emotional issue during the recent election campaign. All of this has prompted many holders of marks to switch into dollars, pounds and francs in order to cash in on the interest rates, as high as 16%, being paid in countries with far worse inflation. German investors tend to be especially jittery because of the runaway inflation they suffered before and after World War II.

With Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Social Democrats now safely past the Oct. 5 election, Bonn has taken steps to cool off inflation. Two weeks ago, Schmidt decided on an $8 billion cut in 1981 spending, which will now be just 4.1% above the $114.4 billion 1980 budget. He also pulled out of a NATO pledge to raise military spending by 3% annually for 15 years—a move that may chill his reception this week in Washington, where he is due to arrive on a long-planned visit. Instead, Bonn will increase its defense budget, now $18 billion, by just 1.75% next year.

"We have no alternative but to tighten our belts," explains one Schmidt adviser. "If we stimulate the economy, we fuel inflation and further reduce our competitive edge on world markets." And that, of course, could only further erode the cherished mark. ■

Bogus Blues

Which twin is the phony?

A tourist on Mexico City's tree-lined Calle Amberes in the Zona Rosa shopping district might wonder if he is suffering from the mile-high altitude. There at No. 9 is a brand-new Cartier boutique, its windows agleam with shiny gold jewelry, trendy tank watches and glistening leather goods. But only eight doors away, at No. 15-C, is another Cartier, its windows also agleam with shiny gold jewelry, trendy tank watches and glistening leather goods. What is going on? The answer is that No. 15-C is a phony Cartier, and that No. 9 is the real thing, a branch of the Paris house Jeweler Louis-François Cartier established in 1847.

A copy "Cartier" in Mexico City

The genuine article just down the street

Now that designer goods are big, imitation is not just a form of flattery.

The genuine Cartier shop was opened last week to battle the imposter. The fake is the creation of Fernando Pelletier, a Mexican who has 14 "Cartier" boutiques, half of them in the capital, and others in places like Acapulco, Guadalajara and Puebla. They sell such bogus baubles as tank knock-offs assembled with cheap Swiss watch movements. Pelletier once offered to sell his stores to the Paris firm for $4.5 million, but irate Cartier officials decided to pay lawyers instead. The company has won 25 suits against Pelletier, but the copy Cartier remains in business, and still costs the Paris original up to $4 million a year in lost profits.

The fashion world, where imitation used to be the sincerest form of flattery, is also suffering from this kind of larceny, especially since trademarked designer goods have become big business. Laments Jean-Marc Depoix, commercial director for the Christian Dior fashion house in Paris: "This excessively developed taste for the visual signature of the designer has favored the increase of copies. Not only are such well-known logos easy to identify when worn by customers, but they are easy to reproduce by counterfeiters." The French fashion industry alone estimates that it loses roughly $500 million in annual revenues to counterfeiters.

Manufacturers in Japan, once a nation of imitators, complain that others are up to their old tricks. Example: a Hong Kong firm turns out a timepiece under the Aseikon label, so that all a distributor has to do is strip off the *a* and the *n* to get a Seiko. In Milan this summer, police raided a warehouse where counterfeiters made copies of goods sold by Dior, Fendi, Cartier, Gucci, Louis Vuitton, Valentino, Omega and Celine, among other firms. The inventory included 10,000 gold-plated watches and lighters, 8,500 handbags, 400 pieces of luggage, wallets and purses, 600 belts, 120 assorted boxes and trinkets and more than 1,000 umbrellas.

Dior spends $380,000 a year policing its 313 trademarks and employs a staff of three to work solely on counterfeiting problems. Among other odd missions, they once had to stop a Brooklyn pet shop from marketing Christian Dior T shirts for with-it canines. The Rome-based Gucci chain, which has opened 17 specialty shops in eight countries, has offices in Italy, Britain and the U.S. that deal only with trademark protection. At present, the firm's biggest peeve is a string of five false stores in Argentina; they operate under names like Luigi Gucci and Guglielmo Gucci, and simply reopen with a new first name every time the real Gucci gets a court to order shut them down.

Legitimate marketers hope for some relief from an international anticounterfeiting code that may be ratified in 1981. It calls for greater cooperation to apprehend copiers, as well as stiffer penalties for them. The aim is to make counterfeiting an important trade issue so that, as Alain Thrierr of the French Manufacturers Union says, "government authorities will have to answer for it." ■

Fare Flight

No more transcon cheapies

One of the last bargains left for inflation-battered Americans is about to disappear. Riddled by revenue losses, the airlines declared a cease-fire last week in their price war on transcontinental routes. First, Eastern revealed that beginning in January its lowest advance-purchase round-trip fare between New York and Los Angeles would soar by 70%, from $268 to $455. Soon after, American and United announced similar hikes, and TWA is expected to follow them this week.

A newcomer to the transcontinental market, Eastern started the fare fight last June by offering round trips on some flights for $198, the lowest price on a major airline in a decade. Unwilling to part with a big share of their traffic, other carriers immediately rolled back their rates. Though Eastern subsequently raised its fares somewhat, it failed to cover its costs and suffered from the rate war. After six months, its planes were flying only 30% to 40% full. In the third quarter, the carrier lost $9.6 million, in contrast to a $20 million profit in the same period of 1979.

Fierce competition has been the norm since Congress deregulated the airline industry two years ago. Discount fares like the Super Saver cut ticket prices by up to 55%. For a while, the crowds of new passengers kept earnings up, but the combination of rising fuel costs and recession sent the airlines into a downdraft. Since 1979 the price of jet fuel has jumped from 40¢ per gal. to 92¢, while passenger traffic has slid by 3%. The major carriers, which earned a record $1.2 billion in 1978, have lost a total of $333 million so far in 1980.

The airlines are now raising ticket prices as fast as possible. In the past year the average U.S. airfare has gone up 26%. Restrictions on the discounts that remain are being tightened. To take advantage next January of the cheapest Eastern round-trip ticket between New York and San Francisco at $475, travelers will have to book their flight 30 days in advance. The regular fare: $864.

A few passengers may still find cut-rate seats next year on the four daily New York–California flights operated by World Airways and Capitol International, two small carriers that currently offer the lowest round-trip fare: $240. But though they may continue to undercut the bigger airlines, their prices will almost certainly go up sharply. World has lost $23 million this year and cannot afford to keep its fares down much longer. Capitol is watching what the other carriers do. For the moment at least, the fare skirmishing that marked the early days of deregulation will likely give way to friendly follow-the-fare-leader cooperation. ■

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37 HWY EST **26** EST MPG†

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* Based on P.O.E. manufacturers' suggested retail prices. Actual difference may vary according to local dealer. Destination charges, state and local taxes, dealer preparation, if any, and license fees (all of which may vary) extra.
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Incredible Shrinking Shopper Lily Tomlin out for a spin

Pisier à la Coco with Marie Laurencin's portrait of Chanel

People

Model Housewife Pat Kramer has this itty-bitty problem. She is shrinking. Perhaps because of prolonged exposure to hundreds of household chemicals, Pat is growing smaller day by day—even as she continues to shop for the family groceries, scour bathtub rings and battle waxy buildup. "She's the kind of person who is going to make the best of it," explains Comedian **Lily Tomlin,** who plays Kramer in *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*, a film due for release in January. The sets, says Tomlin, include "a life-size kitchen, one for when I am 3-ft. tall, a huge countertop for when I am 6 in. and, finally, an enormous sink." The last is the scene of an apparent tragedy. There, next to the deadly garbage disposal, Pat's husband (**Charles Grodin**) learns, a tiny tennis shoe has been found—all that is left of his little woman. Has Kramer's life come to a grinding halt? To avoid giving away the ending, let it be said only that Pat has gone on to bigger things

■

She rarely earned a callback during her first seven years in Hollywood, but **Patti Davis,** 28, is now just about the hottest name in town. The actress, who will be appearing on the Nov. 26 episode of TV's *Vega$*, has been receiving a hundred offers a day, says her manager Jay Bernstein. "She is as hot as any client I've ever had." And that from the man who handled the sizzling careers of **Suzanne Somers** and **Farrah Fawcett.** Davis, nee Reagan, assumed her mother Nancy's maiden name in 1974, she explains, "to have a better chance of having my work judged on its own merit." Is that how it is now being judged? Well, concedes the future First Daughter, "the extra exposure helps."

Home Run Giant Oh says *sayonara* in Tokyo

Ron's Daughter Davis in *Vega$*

■

Oh. In Japanese it means king. In Japanese baseball it means the King: Sadaharu Oh, highest-paid athlete in Asia, with an estimated career income of $7.5 million. Honored bearer of uniform No. 1 for Tokyo's Yomiuri Giants, he led the team to 13 Central League pennant titles and twelve Japan Series victories in 21 years. Sadaharu is a lefthanded power hitter with a .301 career average and 868 home runs to his credit, more than Babe Ruth's 714, more than Hank Aaron's 755. Oh, what a commotion when Oh-san, now 40, retired! Five sports dailies issued red-ink editions hailing the king's modest announcement that "I have reached the technical and physical limits of my abilities." Mammoth *sayonaras* headlined the country's leading newspapers and led radio and television reports. The Giants reverently retired his number. That same day, across the Pacific, citizens of the country where baseball was invented elected a new President. But that was second-string news in the land where Oh will always be No. 1.

■

Since her death in 1971, six attempts to make a film about **Coco Chanel,** the fabled French couturière, have come unraveled. For the seventh, Producer **Larry Spangler** "looked at every conceivable actress," he says. "But the minute I met **Marie-France Pisier,** I knew I had met Coco. She is tough, charming, aggressive, ambitious, revolutionary, bright." Especially bright. Pisier has a master's degree from the Paris Law School and virtually a Ph.D. in Chanelology. Says the actress, who starred in *Cousin Cousine* (1975) and *The Other Side of Midnight* (1977): "I have read every possible book on her." In *Chanel Solitaire*, Pisier portrays the designer from age 18 to 35, exploring her numerous love affairs with men and, as Pisier puts it, "her friendly but carnal relations with women." The film, she adds, "emphasizes the shadows in her life, and the more shadows there are, the more one is able to slip into the character." Along the way, Pisier, the cast and more than 600 extras also slip into 1,500 costumes, all recreated from Chanel's own sketches. *—By Claudia Wallis*

Roger Rees as Nickleby, at right, burlesques Romeo amid a maelstrom of drama and humor

Raising the Dickens in London

Nicholas Nickleby *celebrates the best of British theater*

Taxes were up. The rent was coming due. Everyone needed a job and was worried about going bust. In this Dickensian situation, the Royal Shakespeare Company, by a kind of inevitable inspiration, turned to Dickens.

They worked hard and precipitately. *Nicholas Nickleby* opened to guarded enthusiasm that turned, over the course of an initial ten-week run, into a national obsession. *Nicholas Nickleby* helped to right those vexing money matters, became a rallying point for yet another of those renaissances in British theater that occur as regularly as breaks in the weather and, not incidentally, reconfirmed the R.S.C. as the country's premier theater company. If one wanted to go even further and claim that the R.S.C. was the greatest company anywhere just now, the arguments would be inconclusive, but the evidence would be weighted in favor of the affirmative.

Eight and one-half hours of theatrical brilliance is heavy weight indeed, but the R.S.C. bears it away like so much hand luggage. *Nicholas Nickleby*—back now through the New Year by popular demand and virtually sold out even before it opened—is more than an event or a spectacle. It is a vigorous reaffirmation of theater as a social force and, to use R.S.C. Director Trevor Nunn's word, a "moral" one. The play is personal and political at once, striking at both the heart and the conscience of the audience. A pageant and a celebration, *Nicholas Nickleby* has the breadth of great theater and the force of life.

Even London's Aldwych Theater is transformed from an auditorium to a living part of Victorian England. Actors in costume greet the audience and show them to their seats. (Playgoers can see the production on two successive nights or, on Saturdays, in a marathon interrupted by a dinner break.) The cast then assembles onstage like a huge family and recites, in alternating chorus, a prologue to the curious life and adventures of Mr. Nicholas Nickleby. If this chorus work is an adaptation of classical theater technique—mastered in another grand R.S.C. production, *The Greeks*, staged last winter—the sudden maelstrom of action, humor, high drama, low parody and the occasional song into which the audience is about to be plunged is a breathtaking display of ensemble virtuosity.

Judy Buxton at Stratford in the real *Romeo*

Putting laughter and tears into action.

Nicholas is a typical young Dickens hero. Steadfast, upright and much beleaguered, he struggles to maintain a life for his sister and newly widowed mother against the unexpected threats and grim incursions of greedy uncles, sinister aristocrats, crooked politicians and assorted malefactors. He holds down a variety of jobs—perhaps most memorably as an actor playing roles like Romeo in the provincial acting troupe of Mr. Vincent Crummles—but his employment is continually being interrupted by some emergency, as the plot loops round, over and back again on itself.

The R.S.C. meets Dickens head-on. There is not a moment of archness in the comedy, not a measure of sentimentality in the drama. No one is afraid to grapple with what are usually regarded as Dickens' excesses—of feeling or of outrage—and the result is a shameless but triumphant cavalcade of immediate emotion. There is only one textual alteration, which is minor but telling: a rebalancing of the relationship between Nicholas and the orphan Smike, whom he rescues from an oppressive school in Yorkshire and tries to help. His efforts at this, his successes and his failures, are the core of the play, and the last moments—instead of being quite the cozy denouement arranged by Dickens—become a direct challenge to the audience, "a determination," as former R.S.C. Member Ian McKellen says, "to put laughter and tears into action."

Director Nunn, 40, had been thinking about doing a Dickens adaptation for some time, but the financial crisis of 1979 urged the decision on him. The Conservative government was making worrisome noises about cutting its subsidies to the arts. Since the R.S.C. receives more than one-third of its support from an Arts Council grant, the company cautiously renewed its lease on the Aldwych for only the first half of 1980. This meant that whatever activity was undertaken there would have to keep some 40 actors busy as well as light a fire under the Arts Council.

The choice of *Nicholas Nickleby* required an entire show to be put together in six months from a play that did not exist. Nunn chose David Edgar, a young British playwright whose work the R.S.C.

had staged in the Warehouse, its smaller theater in Covent Garden, to adapt a script from the teeming incidents of Dickens' 800-plus pages. "I was writing Part 2 while rewriting Part 1, and it was all constantly changing," Edgar recalls. Five weeks before the opening, he had reached only the mid-point of Part 2.

While Edgar was typing, Nunn asked all of his 43 actors to initiate their own research projects, read the novel and select which of the 157 characters they wanted to play. Roger Rees and David Threlfall, who are, respectively and wonderfully, Nickleby and the orphan Smike, are the only two actors in the piece with only one part to play. All the others average six: usually two major roles and a gallery of minor parts. R.S.C. Designer John Napier, who made all the costumes, took Polaroid photos for reference and found at the end that he had assembled an album of 271 individual shots, which included all the named characters plus extras in the crowd scenes.

Composer Stephen Oliver was still doing his orchestrations during the last dress rehearsals, but when *Nicholas Nickleby* was drawn together for its opening last June, all the frantic arranging and joining suddenly appeared to be seamless. "I felt I could even walk into a scene I wasn't normally part of," remarks Suzanne Bertish, a young actress who does hilarious turns as a comely, coy actress and a provincial harridan. "The acting was that deep, that explored."

At first, a far from capacity audience arrived a little dubious. They left, however, weeping and cheering. "I haven't seen scenes like that in 25 years of theatergoing," marveled Irving Wardle, the *Times* theater critic. After a column by the *Times's* Bernard Levin that was a mixture of rave, clarion call and marching order, *Nicholas Nickleby* became not only a triumph but a phenomenon. The R.S.C. was back from the brink again.

Be sure, however, that it will return. This is a company for sharp risks and controlled experiment, which insists not only on tradition but also on the right—indeed, the artistic necessity—to fail. A recent week's sampling of R.S.C. fare in London and Stratford, where the company runs the Royal Shakespeare Theater and an experimental house called the Other Place, showed the company in hot pursuit of both ends of the spectrum. In London, besides the astonishing *Nicholas*, the company offered an excellent *Juno and the Paycock*, with a force-of-nature performance by Judi Dench, and, at the Warehouse, a shattering Trevor Nunn staging of *The Three Sisters:* spare, witty and primal, featuring extraordinary performances by three of the company's young comers (Emily Richard, Janet Dale, Suzanne Bertish) and some of its stalwarts, including Roger Rees.

Up at Stratford, there was Ron Daniels' experimentally modernized *Romeo and Juliet*, with Romeo (Anton Lesser) and his mates decked out in boots and leather jackets, and Juliet (Judy Buxton) playing her balcony scene atop what looked like an abstract painting. Also at Stratford, R.S.C. Veteran Alan Howard, directed by Terry Hands, was essaying both of Shakespeare's Richards, II and III. In the latter, a sort of cooked-up Jacobean melodrama, Howard hobbled about a raked stage somewhat more fleetly than he actually managed some of the lines.

Alan Howard in the role of Richard II

It is an indication of the substantial respect accorded the R.S.C. that this *Richard III* received accommodating reviews, while a similarly hyped-up production of *Macbeth*, starring Peter O'Toole as an unusually incarnadine Thane, at the reconstituted Old Vic, has created a scandal and received an unmerciful critical drubbing. The excesses of the R.S.C. *Richard III* are no less egregious, but it was the threadbare O'Toole–Bryan Forbes production that quickly exhausted the limited patience and generosity of the London reviewers.

To a theater enthusiast from abroad, it often seems that there is far less in London to try the patience and a lot more to be generous about. In the West End —London's theatrical main stem and mainstream—Tom Courtenay and Freddie Jones are making their way deftly through an adept and affectionate comedy called *The Dresser*, concerning the trials of a third-rate classical actor on a perpetual tour of the provinces. Practically next door is a new Alan Ayckbourn roundelay called *Taking Steps*, an alternately hilarious and melancholy meditation on adulteries among the middle classes. The West End can play up raunch (*Wot' No Pyjamas!* and—yes, in its tenth year—*No Sex Please—We're British*) as well as tradition (yes, going strong and apparently about to enter the second millennium, *The Mousetrap*) while also accommodating experiment. A radical theater company has been performing *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* just off Leicester Square, and the R.S.C. has rented a nearby theater for *Educating Rita*, a lively comedy in which cultures get crossed like phone wires.

The R.S.C. knows audiences almost as well as the company members know their craft, and it has found a fair number of its own productions—Peter Brook's *Marat/Sade* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Homecoming*, *Sherlock Holmes*—exported and expanded from local events to international successes. There are no plans to tour *Nicholas Nickleby*—the production is too costly and absorbs too much of the company—but *Piaf*, an intense piece about the French chan-

The Bard's statue, left, looms over the R.S.C.'s Royal Shakespeare Theater in Stratford

Sharp risks, controlled experiment and the right—even the artistic necessity—to fail.

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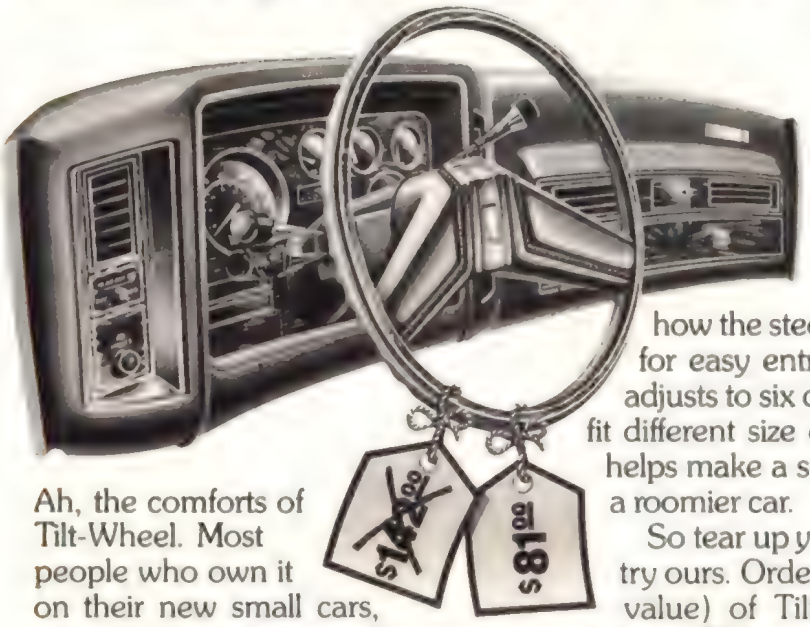

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teuse, will open in New York this winter, and *The Three Sisters* will be taped for TV. Past and present members of the company often turn up on their own in outside productions. Ian McKellen, an actor of formidable power who left the company in 1978, has since starred in the London production of Martin Sherman's *Bent* and will appear on Broadway this December in Peter Shaffer's *Amadeus*, directed by Peter Hall.

Hall, who now runs the embattled National Theater, created the R.S.C. as a permanent ensemble and was responsible for expanding the operation from Stratford to London. He departed the R.S.C. in 1968, but says now, "I feel as though I've never left since I've taken so much of it with me. What we did at the R.S.C. colors everything I do."

The R.S.C. can run like a machine but sustains itself like a family. Members typically commit themselves to a season each in Stratford and in London, with outside work negotiable. The pay is short (from $208 to $960 a week), and the training is rigorous. Besides daily rehearsals, actors may log time in movement, fencing and dance classes, as well as brush up on voice and language with the R.S.C.'s crack vocal coach, Cicely Berry. "You've got to make Shakespeare sound so newminted you could almost hear it in the street," says Judi Dench. Sinead Cusack, who is ending her first Stratford season, says of her earlier work in film and television: "You don't learn very much there, if you haven't had training beforehand. The R.S.C. is the best training ground in the world."

Like a family, too, a theater company is subject to growing pains. Growth at this moment seems to be the biggest challenge the R.S.C. will have to face. Years ago, the company guaranteed its participation in an arts center projected by the City of London. As a result, it is scheduled to move from the Aldwych, perhaps as early as next year, into one of those concrete culture centers that look like a *Führerbunker*. More space, more audiences, more responsibility and, most difficult, different roots. One problem at the National Theater just now is that the lavish new quarters on the South Bank of the Thames seem—in the way that culture cathedrals do—to weigh upon the work rather than let it breathe and flourish. A hothouse is required for an arts center, but a mausoleum is what usually gets built.

But if any company in the world can create heat in the precincts of high art, it is the R.S.C. The main point about *Nicholas Nickleby*, for example—as about the R.S.C., as about British theater—is that the focus, the start and stop of it all, is the audience. Theater in Britain is popular art: "the people's art," as Ian McKellen says. All the reasons for that popularity can be seen in the work of the R.S.C. So can the very heights of that art. *—By Jay Cocks. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/London*

Milestones

DIED. Andrei Amalrik, 42, exiled Russian dissident and human rights advocate; of injuries received in a collision as he was driving to attend meetings in conjunction with the Helsinki conference in Madrid; near Guadalajara, Spain. A historian and author of the 1970 book *Will the Soviet Union Survive Until 1984?*, in which he predicted the downfall of the Kremlin regime, Amalrik was twice exiled to Siberia before being pressured in 1976 to emigrate to the West, where he has lived in The Netherlands, the U.S. and France. When he was sentenced in 1970 to three years in prison, he wrote the court: "To sentence ideas to criminal punishment, whether they be true or false, seems to me to be a crime in itself."

DIED. Steve McQueen, 50, ruggedly handsome actor whose portrayals of cool, self-assured loners made him a leading Hollywood star of the '60s and '70s; of a heart attack after undergoing surgery for removal of a cancerous tumor; in Juárez, Mexico. A graduate of a reform school and a Marine brig, McQueen was typecast for his tough roles, whether leading a prison escape (*Papillon*), masterminding a daring caper (*The Thomas Crown Affair*) or driving through a breakneck chase (*Bullitt*). His screen persona exemplified grace under pressure; he raised his fists but never his voice. He revealed last month that he was suffering from mesothelioma, a rare form of cancer.

DIED. Victor Sen Yung, 65, San Francisco–born actor who played the "No. 1 Son" of Movie Sleuth Charlie Chan in the 1930s and 1940s and later was noted for his role as the cook Hop Sing on the long-running TV series *Bonanza;* of suffocation; in North Hollywood, Calif.

DIED. Nevill Coghill, 81, leading Chaucer scholar whose 1951 modern English version of *The Canterbury Tales* remains the standard translation; in Cheltenham, England. A fellow in English at Oxford University from 1925 to 1966, Coghill tutored precocious undergraduates like W.H. Auden and directed several plays for the Oxford University Dramatic Society, including a 1966 production of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* starring Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor.

DIED. Laurence Marshall, 91, electronics entrepreneur who founded the Raytheon Co. in 1922 and built it into a diversified company that played an important role in the development of radar, the Hawk missile and the microwave oven; in Cambridge, Mass. Upon his retirementin 1950, Marshall fulfilled a lifelong interest in anthropology by taking his family on an expedition to study the Bushman of the Kalahari Desert in South Africa, an adventure later recounted in *The Harmless People* (1959) by his daughter, Elizabeth, and *The !Kung of Nyae Nyae* (1976) by his wife Lorna.

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Animal House

RAGING BULL
Directed by Martin Scorsese
Screenplay by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin

Now, sometimes, at night, when I think back, I feel like I'm looking at an old black-and-white movie of myself. Why it should be black-and-white I don't know, but it is. Not a good movie, either, jerky, with gaps in it, a string of poorly lit sequences, some of them with no beginning and some with no end . . . And almost all of it happens at night, as if I lived my whole life at night.

—Jake La Motta in his autobiography *Raging Bull*, 1970

What Jake saw in a nostalgic nightmare, Martin Scorsese has put on the screen. The Bronx Bull butted his way to the middleweight championship of boxing in 1949. He "fought Sugar Ray Robinson so many times I got diabetes." He played rope-a-dope with the Mob. He ballooned to 210 lbs. (from 160) within a year of retiring, was convicted on a morals charge involving a 14-year-old prostitute, and made a comeback of sorts as a road-show Rocky Graziano. Now 59, this sacred monster is canonized and cauterized in Scorsese's searing black and white.

La Motta was an animal, a bull in the ring and a pig outside, and Scorsese is true to both Jakes. The boxing sequences (which amount to barely a dozen minutes of the movie's two hours plus) are as violent, controlled, repulsive and exhilarating as anything in the genre. Scorsese layers the sound track with grunts and screams, animal noises that seem to emanate from hell's zoo. The camera muscles into the action, peering from above, from below, from the combatant's point of view, panning 360° as a doomed fighter spins toward the canvas. Smoke, sweat, flesh and blood become Jackson Pollock abstractions as they pound home the essential blood lust of those sweet sciences, prizefighting and moviemaking.

The ring is where Scorsese's art is most alive, because it is where Jake (Robert De Niro) lives, where he can do battle on equal terms, playing by hard men's rules. It is where Jake's life finally achieves meaning when he wins the title and is embraced by his idol, Joe Louis —and where the paradigmatic club fighter loses the bout, the title and several quarts of blood in his 1951 match with the stylish Robinson. Indeed, Jake has lost everything but the pride that propels him over to the new champ's corner to boast, "You never knocked me down, Ray!"

As famous as Jake was for being able to take it in the ring, he was even more notorious for dishing it out at home. Half brutal patriarch, half petulant child, he

Robert De Niro as Fighter Jake La Motta

played the suspicious sadist to his wife Vickie, his brother Joey, his best friend Pete Petrella. Pete stood up to Jake's insults, and stood by as his hard-luck friend; later, under the name Peter Savage, he helped Jake write his autobiography and served as consulting producer to the *Raging Bull* company. In the film, Pete's history is subsumed into the character of Joey (Joe Pesci): the fighter's manager and punching bag, his Sancho Panza and Iago. By insulating Jake from the Mafia men who want a big piece of his career, Joey also isolates his brother from the real world of compromise and conciliation. Everyone is an interloper, a seducer, an enemy. As long as Jake can take his resentments out on his fellow middleweights, he and Joey can survive. But when he marries Vickie, his hatred be-

The real Jake in a 1951 bout with Robinson

A hatred too big for the boxing ring.

comes too big and dangerous to be contained within the boxing ring.

Jake is not so much in love with Vickie (Cathy Moriarty) as he is obsessed by her. To him she represents unattainable class: Lana Turner, in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, to his John Garfield. Vickie is the silently smoldering platinum blond in a Bronxful of greasy brawlers and dark-haired tarts. He sees her gliding in slow motion through his jerky life, smiling mysteriously, bestowing a Queen Mother nod on some old friend. But what old friend? Why did she smile at him? Can it be she's fooling around with one of them Mafia bums? Or even with Joey? She can be. She must be. His Desdemona must be punished, like a pretty but punchless fighter who needs a tough lesson taught. And so must Joey.

Scorsese and De Niro have been here before: in the good brother–bad brother melodrama of *Mean Streets*, in the story of a troubled Taxi Driver searching for his blond goddess, in the musical tragedy of two big-band musicians playing king of the hill in *New York, New York*. And they have faced the same narrative challenge—how to build their vignettes of domestic brutality to a satisfying climax—without ever quite solving it. From the moment *Raging Bull* introduces its three main characters, the moviegoer knows all there will be to know about them. Jake is the loner with a special, terrible gift he can't control; Joey is weak, loyal and scheming; Vickie is an enigma wrapped in gilt. The first hour of the film sets up the situation with a naturalistic vigor and cinematic resourcefulness unique to Scorsese. He knows precisely how to move the camera, dress a set, direct his splendid actors, underlay the music, edit to keep the viewer off guard and consistently impressed. But *Raging Bull* has nowhere to go but down and out. As Jake follows the trajectory of his predictable degradation, the film threatens to become as bloated and repetitious as the fat ex-champ in his cups.

By the end it has become evident that much of *Raging Bull* exists because of the possibilities it offers De Niro to display his own explosive art. He trained as a boxer for months, until La Motta, who coached him, believed the actor could be a contender; he gained 50 lbs. in two months to play the aging Jake. As Jake in 1941 or Jake in 1964, as comer or loser, as raging-bull boxer or battering-ram husband, shouting obscenity or whispering apology, De Niro is always absorbing and credible, even when his character isn't. When the film is moving on automatic pilot, De Niro is still sailing on animal energy, carrying his able, unknown co-stars with him. Perhaps this should be enough for a movie: bravura acting paired with dazzling, hyperkinetic direction. Why look a gift *Bull* in the mouth?

—By Richard Corliss

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Holland's Heineken, America's number one imported beer.

Cinema

War Games

PRIVATE BENJAMIN
Directed by Howard Zieff
Screenplay by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer and Harvey Miller

Thank heaven, they kept the tennis pro off-screen. He was Judy Benjamin's first husband, and to judge by the dialogue, he was even less of a prize than any of the other men in her life. These include a second husband, who expires after making love to her on their wedding night (whether as a result of the locale, a bathroom floor, or the effort of overcoming his various hang-ups one cannot be certain); a French doctor who, unlike her other lovers, is dynamite physically, but

Hawn as Private Benjamin
No yachts in the foxholes.

emotionally selfish; and an Army officer who attempts to assault her when she freezes before her first jump in paratroop training.

The reason Judy Benjamin finds herself in this unlikely situation is that she has joined the Army under the delusion, fostered by a smooth-talking recruiter, that basic training will be something like "six weeks at La Costa." This, she believes, will help her recover from the grief of husband No. 2's death as well as give her the independence and gumption she has not acquired in her life as a certified Jewish American princess. It is hard to believe that a woman of 28, no matter how dippy, would think that yachting is an activity much pursued even in the new new Army, but such mild comedy as the film offers lies in watching a middle-class lady come to terms with the rigors of basic training. Even so, it cannot be said

that having the tired old situations of service comedies worked by women instead of men freshens them much.

Curiously enough, Goldie Hawn, who produced the film as a vehicle for herself, does not play the title role with much conviction. One suspects that her energies were devoted more to launching a project than to acting a part. Or it may be that she is really too smart to play convincingly the neurotic ninny of the film's early reels. In any case, she appears to be less eager to be funny than she is to make a point, namely that men tend to be sexually exploitative, and crudely and rudely so. About all *Private Benjamin* adds to *An Unmarried Woman*, which made the definitively dumb statement about male piggery, is a Continental fillip. That French doctor, played rather sleepily by Armand Assante, starts out acting like a Gallic Alan Bates, sexy in a sweet and sympathetic way, but unlike Bates in the earlier film, he turns out to be no improvement on the Yanks. The revelation that bad guys are not an exclusively American product is hardly worth the time it takes to make it.

Perhaps the best thing about this film is the cast list, which includes such good people as Eileen Brennan, Barbara Barrie, Robert Webber, Albert Brooks and Harry Dean Stanton. Among the bad things is its failure to give any of them anything worthwhile to do. Brennan, one of the screen's master muggers, puts up a good fight against the odds. Everyone else very sensibly stays low in the foxholes. —*By Richard Schickel*

Iced Coffee

BYE BYE BRAZIL
Directed and Written by Carlos Diegues

A Brazilian musical? The words evoke memories of Carmen Miranda, teeth gleaming, hips undulating, *r*'s trilling, balancing a headdress of tropical fruit heavy enough to give the strongest Rio dock worker a hernia. That was '40s Hollywood, whose notion of Brazil was half picture postcard, half Daliesque daydream. Since then, a group of engaged intellectuals, collectively called *cinema novo*, have created a native awareness of the medium's power to teach and persuade. But before you can send a movie audience marching out to the barricades, you must get them into the theater. Don't cerebrate —celebrate. *Bye Bye Brazil* does just that, setting a naturalistic tale to a bossa nova beat. It follows a tatty caravan of entertainers through the backwaters of Bahia, making music and mischief and the occasional friend or lover. The glittery magic means more to the actors than it ever will to the villagers; the show must go on so that the showmen can continue to believe in themselves. The attractive cast does not press this point; they too are here to entertain. That they do, in a film as refreshing as a tall glass of iced coffee on a hot summer day. —*By Richard Corliss*

Holland's Heineken, America's year round dark beer.

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MISTER BIXBY
SAMUEL CLEMENS
The story of the boy, Sam Clemens, who masters the lessons of
the mighty Mississippi to become the man, Mark Twain. Starring Robert Lansing as the
riverboat pilot, Mr Bixby, and David Kneil as his apprentice, Sam Clemens
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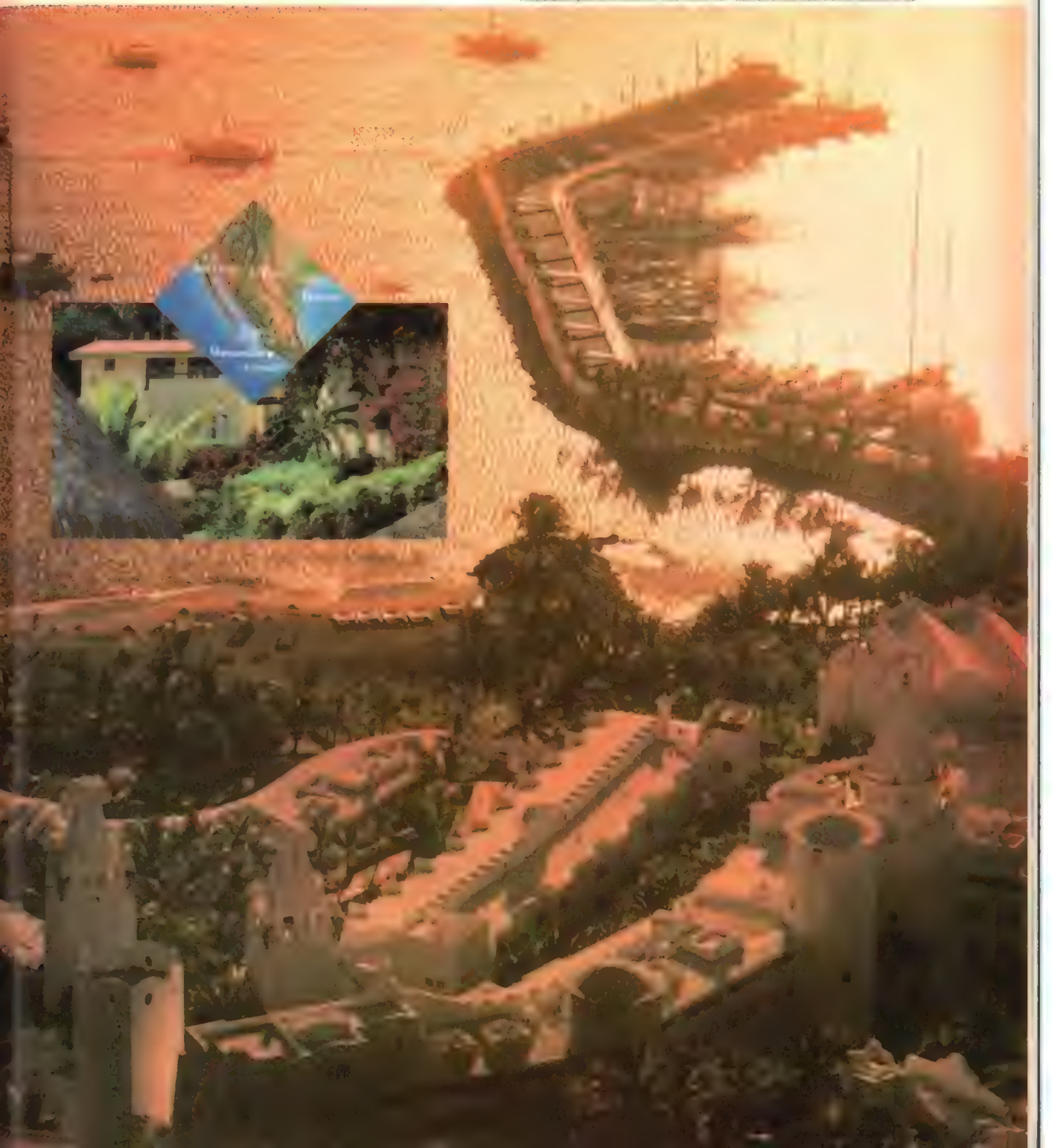


The Chairman of the Board tells "The Chairman of the Board" why it's time for Imperial.

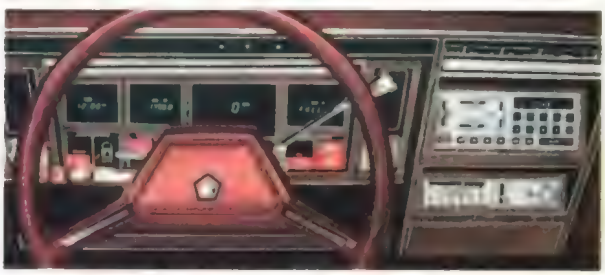
Lee Iacocca talks to Frank Sinatra about the future of luxury cars in America.

On July 15, 1981 Frank Sinatra, the entertainment industry's "Chairman of the Board," joined Lee A. Iacocca, Chairman of the Board of The New Chrysler Corporation, at the first public exhibition of America's newest luxury car, the 1981 Imperial.

This new Imperial is an unusually timely automobile: newer than its competitors and, in significant ways, substantially different from them; it is these differences that make the Imperial the unique automobile it is.

After opening the exhibition and viewing the new Imperial, Sinatra and Iacocca spent some time discussing what America needs in a luxury car today and how this new Imperial fills those needs.

Sinatra: When you build a luxury car, where do you start? How do you lay down the specs?
Iacocca: You try to build a luxury car that's better than the competition. Say you take your leading potential competitor and you might say, 'I'm going to give a customer 105 percent of this guy's riding comfort. Or 100 percent of his cornering ability.' You can set your sights on what the people are already buying.
Sinatra: Is that what you did?
Iacocca: Sure. But our standards for this Imperial were based more on what the people need today than on what the competition is giving them. You know, times have changed in the automobile business.
Sinatra: You mean the energy crunch.
Iacocca: Partly. That's why today you have to try to build a car that's the right kind of car for now and, hopefully, for tomorrow as well. Now, you've owned a lot of cars.
Sinatra: You'd better believe it.
Iacocca: What do you think today's luxury car should be?
Sinatra: I don't know where to start.
Iacocca: Start with the way it should look.
Sinatra: Well, first of all, I'd want it to look simple. I think things are getting cleaner and simpler looking and that's how it should be.
Iacocca: Agreed. That's why we tried to keep the Imperial as uncluttered as possible.
Sinatra: The shape is very clean.
Iacocca: It's what we call slippery.
Sinatra: Slippery?
Iacocca: Slips through the air. In the wind tunnel they give it a number they call a drag coefficient. Tells you how aerodynamic the car is. The lower the number, the better.
Sinatra: Well, you've come out of the wind tunnel with a very elegant looking automobile.
Iacocca: What pleases me more is that the styling actually helps the car perform the way you need a car to perform these days.
Sinatra: Fine, but what about the things I can't see? What about engineering? You guys had a big reputation for engineering.
Iacocca: I believe we're still ahead. But engineering a car has changed radically.
Sinatra: Come on, Lee, this country can put a man on the moon, but we can't build an automobile right. Where's our technology when it comes to things we use every day?
Iacocca: I hear you. But I've been in this business a lot of years and when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel.



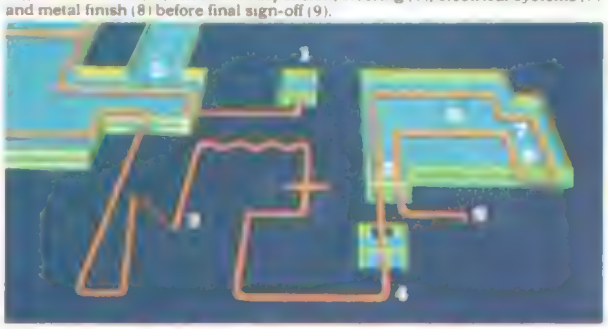
"...when I look at the new Imperial, I see an electronic marvel."

Sinatra: An electronic marvel? What does that mean?
Iacocca: Okay. You mention the space program. Our electronics division down in Huntsville, Alabama, was a prime contractor on the Redstone missile and the Saturn

Apollo program. We're an industry leader in automotive electronics, going back to electronic ignition. There are several hundred electronics experts down there in Huntsville and after we switched them from space work to commercial work, the Imperial is one of the things they went to work on.
Sinatra: What did they do?
Iacocca: Built our system of Electronic Fuel Injection.
Sinatra: Fuel injection's been around for years.
Iacocca: Not like this. The Imperial has the first continuous flow fully electronically controlled fuel injection for any production automobile built anywhere in the world.
Sinatra: Why is that good?
Iacocca: First of all, it controls both the fuel delivery and the spark advance, based on information it gets from about a dozen sensors that monitor everything from engine temperature to barometric pressure. They feed all this information into what we call the Combustion Computer. Then the computer figures the best possible spark advance for all these conditions and the best proportion of air to fuel, and meters out the exact amount you need.
Sinatra: What's in it for me?
Iacocca: Four things. First of all, it starts by just a turn of the key. Second, you get the smoothest idle, even on cold mornings. Number three, there are practically no balks. And number four, practically no stalls.
Sinatra: Sounds terrific.
Iacocca: And that's only the half of it. I tell you, we've never had electronics like this. Now you've got to admit, this instrument panel is rather unusual.
Sinatra: I've driven a lot of cars and I've never seen anything that looked like it. But why does a digital instrument panel make the Imperial a better car?
Iacocca: Because it makes you a smarter driver. Tell me, what do you need to know when you're driving a car?
Sinatra: I want to know how fast I'm going. How far I've gone. How much gas I've got left. What time it is. That's all.
Iacocca: Okay. This instrument panel shows you all of that in words and numbers.
Sinatra: No gauges?
Iacocca: No gauges. This is the only production built American car with a completely electronic digital instrument cluster.
Sinatra: And what do the buttons do?
Iacocca: They turn your instrument panel into an Electronic Communications Center. Push button number one and your speedometer changes from miles to kilometers.
Sinatra: Not bad.
Iacocca: Push button number two and your electronic chronometer gives you the date instead of the time. Button number three turns the whole chronometer into an electronic timer that tells you how long you've been driving.
Sinatra: What about how far I've gone?
Iacocca: That's button number four. Push it and the electronic odometer shows you how far you've gone since you started. The next button tells your average speed.
Sinatra: And it's all in miles or kilometers.
Iacocca: That's right. Button six shows how far the gas in your tank will take you under present driving conditions. Number seven shows how many miles you're now getting to the gallon. And number eight gives your mileage over your entire trip.
Sinatra: I've never had that on any car.
Iacocca: There's more.
Sinatra: More buttons to push?
Iacocca: No. This part is all automatic. If either half of the dual hydraulic brake system is defective, a light goes on. If the emergency brake is on, this lights up. If your oil pressure or battery voltage are too low, or your engine temperature is too high, these lights come on.
Sinatra: That's a lot of lights.
Iacocca: We've got chimes, too. If you don't buckle up, your Imperial will chime at you. Leave the key in the ignition and it beeps. Leave the lights on and it makes a tone.
Sinatra: Very musical.
Iacocca: I told you we built it for you, Frank.
Sinatra: What about your other customers? Is this stuff all standard equipment?
Iacocca: Frank, the only option on the Imperial is a power sliding roof. Every luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard than any car in America. I've got even more luxuries than *you* would ask for.
Sinatra: Try me.
Iacocca: You try me. What features do you want in your car?
Sinatra: Start with music.
Iacocca: Your choice of four sound systems, standard. All stereo. All with six speakers. What else do you want?
Sinatra: Power steering, power windows, power seats.
Iacocca: Of course.
Sinatra: Leather upholstery?
Iacocca: Frank, this is the only car in the world with an interior by Mark Cross. It's even got a built-in garage door opener and a hood ornament of Cartier crystal.
Sinatra: You're not fooling around with quality on this baby, are you?
Iacocca: I wanted a quality automobile to sell. I wanted to be able to give it a basic limited warranty twice as long as the competition's.
Sinatra: How long is that?
Iacocca: Two years or 30,000 miles, whichever comes first. It covers all parts except tires, all labor and all schedule maintenance. Our rust warranty lasts *three* years.
Sinatra: I don't even pay for an oil change?
Iacocca: That's right. The Imperial warranty has the details.
Sinatra: That kind of confidence takes guts.
Iacocca: I know what went into it. Look, every one of these Imperials gets a test drive by an expert. We built a Quality Assurance Center where the whole vehicle gets a going-over to make sure that nothing gets out that's not first-rate. When an inspector there signs off on the car, the signed papers actually come with the car.
Sinatra: I think there are a lot of people waiting for a car like this one, Lee.
Iacocca: I've got a bunch of Imperial dealers who are ready for them, Frank.

"Every luxury is standard. And there are more luxuries standard than any car in America."

Imperial Quality Assurance Program starts with preselected parts (1) and special care assembly (2), goes on to a 5.5-mile test drive (3), hot engine checks (4), water checks (5), checks of suspension, steering (6), electrical systems (7) and metal finish (8) before final sign-off (9).



"I wanted to be able to give it a basic limited warranty twice as long as the competition's."

1981 Imperial. Size and price: comparable to Cadillac Eldorado and Continental Mark VI. (16) EPA est. mpg. 26 est. hwy. mpg. Use these ests. for comparison. Mileage may vary depending on speed, weather, trip length. Acutal hwy. mileage will probably be less. Calif. ests. lower.

For the name of the Imperial dealer nearest you, call toll-free 1-800-521-7272. In the state of Michigan call 1-800-482-6838.

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CHC/12

Books

A Well-Laden Table of Cookbooks

Viands and vegetables from all over, for all seasonings

"Some people have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly, will hardly mind anything else."
—Dr. Johnson

Well said, Sam. Belly may have become a derogatory word in modern times, but Johnson properly viewed it as the locus and focus of gustatory enjoyment and sensual well-being. Still, Johnson was at a beggar's banquet compared with the modern diner's choice of delectations: ingredients, recipes and techniques from the kitchens of the world. Not least of these blessings, to a Johnsonian, is the cornucopia of culinary literature. A good cookbook is a perpetual feast, and this year's table is well laden.

The season's most savory surprise is **English Provincial Cooking** by Elisabeth Ayrton (*Harper & Row; $16.95*). Tradition *au contraire* ("In England there are sixty different religions, and only one sauce"), well-flavored sauces and gravies have graced English food since the Roman occupation. (Pastry, too, was introduced by Caesar's men.) English cuisine, even more than the French, is most notable for its regional diversities, which Ayrton explores and exalts with expertise and charm. She tells how to confect Wiltshire lardy cake and Yorkshire hot wine pudding, chickens as lizards and rum roast of lamb (for the sailor's return) —not to mention belly-warming Bedfordshire clangers, Oxfordshire sweet devil or the great Melton Mowbray pie, which long before the sandwich was the foxhunter's favorite lunch munch.

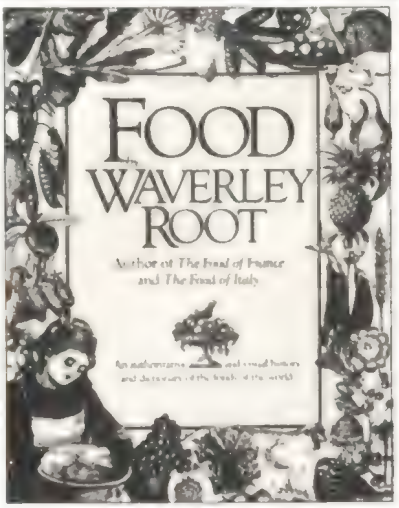
French cuisine—or at least its literature—seems to be divided like Gaul itself into three parts: classic, *nouvelle* and provincial. Many of the top chefs who miraculously find time to write these books are, *hélas*, unable to spread the flavors of their tables across the printed page. Louisette Bertholle provides a salivating exception. A collaborator with Julia Child and Simone Beck in *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*, Bertholle has written a comprehensive, down-to-earth guide to French family cooking that is both witty and percipient. Her **French Cuisine for All** (*Doubleday; $19.95*), meticulously edited for the American cook, covers the Gallic spectrum from country soups and dandelion salad to such exotica as iced caviar-flavored consommé and roast loin of young wild boar (frozen joints of European boar are available at specialty stores in some U.S. cities). Bertholle's recipes for chocolate cakes are guaranteed to leave her pages stained with fudgy fingerprints.

Though Japanese restaurants have popped up like bean sprouts throughout the U.S., all but the most intrepid American cooks refrain from emulating their cuisine. A pity. For, as Master Chef and Teacher Shizuo Tsuji demonstrates in **Japanese Cooking: A Simple Art** (*Kodansha; $14.95*), Japanese food at its best is intrinsically austere, as much a matter of balance—texture, flavors, colors and freshness—as anything else. Not unlike Escoffier and the gurus of *nouvelle cuisine*, the Japanese chef insists: "Let little seem like much, as long as it is fresh and beautiful." Tsuji, a former journalist with a degree in French literature who trained with some of Europe's greatest chefs, has written more than a cookbook: his 517-page tome is both an essay on the culinary philosophy of his country and an explanation of the cultural background of its foods. Along the way, he shows in words and excellent artwork the basic repertory, from *sushi* to a gala banquet consisting of as many as 30 small portions.

This admirable volume, with an introduction by M.F.K. Fisher, includes charts of North American and Japanese fish and an exhaustive list of U.S. stores where Japanese ingredients and implements can be bought. Tsuji-san is a man of all seasonings: in addition to a wallful of international culinary awards, he boasts one of the world's most extensive private collections of Bach recordings, is an authority on ice cream and has written 29 books. This must be his most valuable.

The Italians, fortunately, are resistant to culinary trends. After all, pasta is pasta is pasta. Nevertheless, ever since the tales of Marco Polo's bringing back ice cream and noodles from the Far East, Italy has been receptive to worthy new dishes and techniques. This *apertura* is explored in **The New Italian Cooking** (*Atlantic–Little, Brown; $15*) by Margaret and G. Franco Romagnoli, who in two previous books have done a commendable job of explicating *la cucina italiana* for Americans. Their new book largely concerns itself with the adaptation of traditional rec-

Books



ipes to contemporary methods and lifestyles: using an electric pasta machine; preparing a *ragù* in 45 minutes instead of the conventional four hours. For lagniappe, the Romagnolis offer some interesting modifications of traditional formulas, such as leg of lamb with gin and lemon spaghetti. A handy companion book is Teresa Gilardi Candler's **Vegetables the Italian Way** *(McGraw-Hill; $12.95)*. Candler, the daughter of a restaurant family in Turin, brings the U.S. a choice, noncultist collection of vegetable recipes that include such rare surprises as artichoke bread, zucchini chocolate cake and artichokes with filets of sole.

A different kettle of *poissons*, drawn from dozens of national cuisines, is Ruth A. Spear's **Cooking Fish and Shellfish** *(Doubleday; $16.95)*. The theme of her book is "taking fish seriously," which steak-and-tater Yankees seldom do, even on the seacoasts. Americans are blessed with a biblical abundance of seafood; some 200 varieties pass through Manhattan's Fulton Fish Market. They range from the eel *(Anguilla rostrata)*, much prized by Mediterranean diners, to squid, abalone, Boston scrod, the sadly underrated pike and San Francisco Dungeness crab. American oysters—notably Lynnhavens, Bluepoints, Chincoteagues and the Pacific Olympias—are as delicious and nutritious as any that Roman emperors had shipped from England packed in snow. (Louis XI ordered his advisers to eat this bivalve regularly as "brain food.") Though it is as expensive as beefsteak today, seafood can be stretched in astonishing ways, and Spear prescribes 29 fish soups and stews that elongate budgets while widening nostrils. For the more extravagant, two of her finny finest: shrimp with melon in kirsch, and the New Orleans oyster loaf known as *la Médiatrice*, which errant husbands used to bring home to placate spouses after a night on the town.

One of the most successful ways to mollify a ms. or missus is, of course, to take her out to dinner and leave the cookbooks at home. In Manhattan, the greatest repository of restaurants in the world, there is a special place whose very atmosphere is as heady as champagne. It is The Four Seasons, whose owners and chef have published a treasury of their most prized and coveted preparations. Rumanian-born Tom Margittai and his Hungarian partner, Paul Kovi, took over the restaurant in 1973, at a time when the décor far outdazzled the dishes.

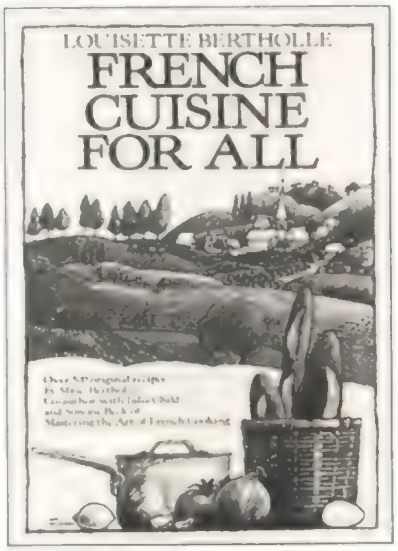
Sensing Americans' growing interest in food and wine, they decided to recast their menus to emphasize "the best and freshest seasonal foods" and, rather than pay slavish obeisance to Continental cuisine, create food in an American idiom. In this, with Swiss Chef Josef ("Seppi") Renggli, they have succeeded admirably; their prize recipes bloom in all of **The Four Seasons** *(Simon & Schuster; $24.95)*. Unlike many books by more celebrated restaurateurs, The Four Seasons trio present their recipes, and *raisons d'être*, in succinct and practical form. Elevating basic family dishes to *haute cuisine*, their prescriptions range from the basic soufflé and chicken pot pie to such palate pleasers as cold peach soup, filet of pompano with citrus fruits and pistachio nuts, and filet of veal with crabmeat and wild mushrooms —capped perhaps with a topless chocolate cake or a walnut tart.

The book no serious cook or gourmet can afford to pass by is **Food** by Waverley Root *(Simon & Schuster; $24.95)*. This is, quite simply, the long-needed English-language equivalent of the classic *Larousse Gastronomique*, written with vast erudition and tingling humor for the English-speaking reader. Root, a Paris-based American writer *(The Food of Italy, The Food of France)*, has produced an encyclopedic, beautifully illustrated 602-page dictionary and history of the world's foods. It travels from *aardvark*, which is eaten in tropical Africa, all the way to *zucca*, the extravagant orange Italian squash. *En* Root, the armchair gourmet is served tidbits and morsels and banquets of information.

Root writes of radishes (known in China in 1100 B.C.) and raccoons ("Try stuffing them with sweet potatoes"), of oranges (first imported to the New World by Christopher Columbus), olives (the mainstay of the Mediterranean economy) and onions, which French Gourmet Robert Courtine called the "truffle of the poor." Or as Dean Swift put it:

There is in every cook's opinion
No savoury dish without an onion;
But lest your kissing should be spoiled
The onion must be thoroughly boiled.

Bon appétit! —**By Michael Demarest**



Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Philip Roth Reader, *Philip Roth* • Crackers, *Roy Blount Jr.* Italian Folktales, *selected and retold by Italo Calvino* • Loon Lake, *E.L. Doctorow* • Stanley Elkin's Greatest Hits, *Stanley Elkin* • The Middle Ground, *Margaret Drabble* • The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty, *Eudora Welty*

NONFICTION: American Dreams: Lost and Found, *Studs Terkel* Merton: A Biography, *Monica Furlong* • Naming Names, *Victor Nawasky* • The Girl I Left Behind, *Jane O'Reilly* • The Letters of Evelyn Waugh, *edited by Mark Amory* • Walt Whitman, *Justin Kaplan* • Vladimir Nabokov: Lectures on Literature, *edited by Fredson Bowers*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Covenant, *Michener (1 last week)*
2. Firestarter, *King (2)*
3. Side Effects, *Allen*
4. The Key to Rebecca, *Follett (3)*
5. Come Pour the Wine, *Freeman (4)*
6. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (9)*
7. Unfinished Tales, *Tolkien (5)*
8. Athabasca, *MacLean*
9. The Hidden Target, *MacInnes (7)*
10. Loon Lake, *Doctorow*

NONFICTION

1. Cosmos, *Sagan*
2. Crisis Investing, *Casey (1)*
3. The Sky's the Limit, *Dyer (2)*
4. The Coming Currency Collapse, *Smith (8)*
5. Merv, *Griffin with Barsocchini (3)*
6. Shelley, *Winters (5)*
7. Nothing Down, *Allen (9)*
8. American Dreams, *Terkel*
9. Number 1, *Martin & Golenbock (6)*
10. Jack Smith's L.A., *Smith*

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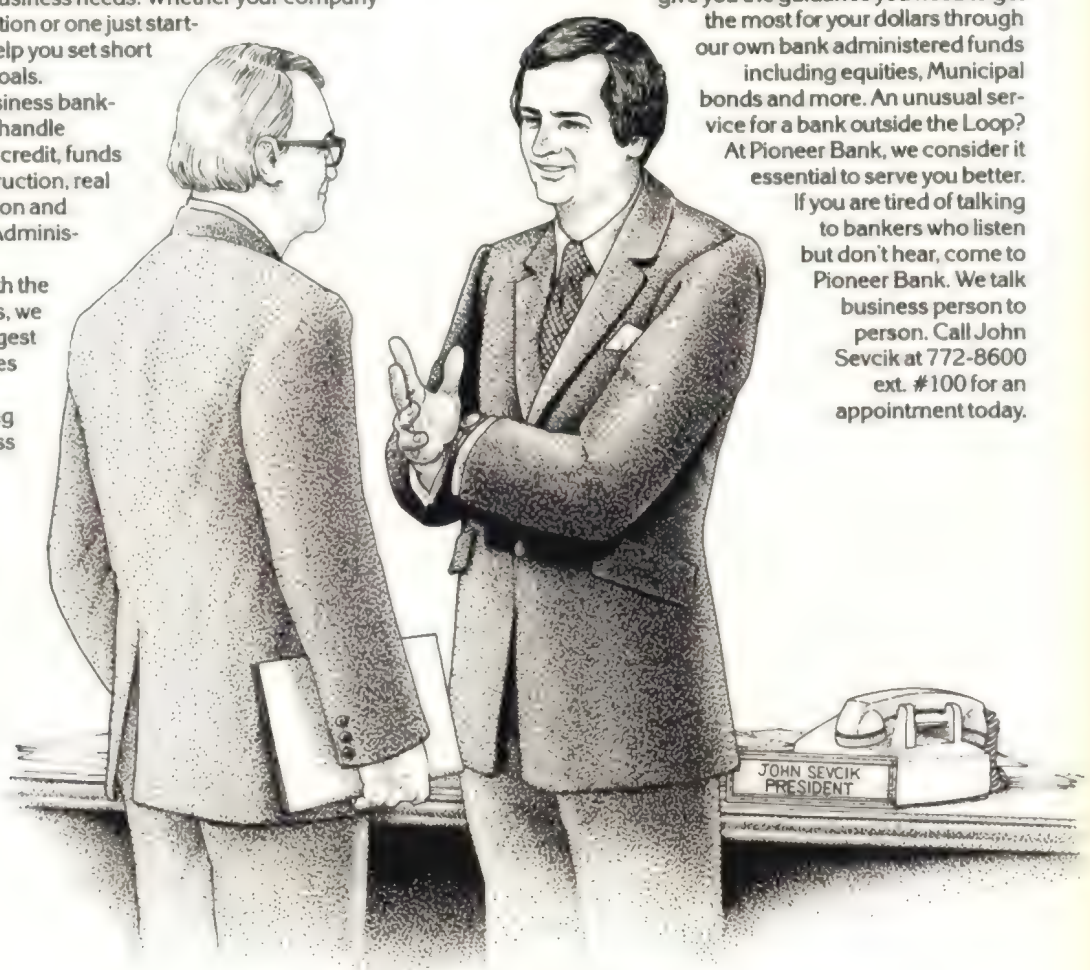

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Time Essay

The Great Bicycle Wars

When New York Mayor Edward Koch visited China last winter, he was beguiled by the sight of a million Chinese gliding harmoniously through their streets on bicycles. "I was swept away," Koch said later, "by the thought of what could be." Traffic back home, of course, is a lot denser and meaner than in Peking, but for a time Koch thought that the vision might translate at least partly to New York. A transit strike there last spring swelled the ranks of the city's commuting bicyclists to nearly Chinese proportions. Like Toad of Toad Hall discovering the motorcar, Koch seemed to conceive a passion for the bike. As an expression of his enthusiasm, he spent $300,000 from the city's depleted treasury to install 6-ft.-wide bike lanes along two avenues in Manhattan.

But Koch's passions are sometimes ephemeral; last week, after the lanes had been open for only three months, the transportation department sent crews out to tear them up—at a cost of $100,000 more—while bikers disconsolately demonstrated and tied up traffic. The lanes did not work, the mayor said, because bikers did not use them—his own bureaucrats' statistics contradicted him, but never mind—and everyone else thought they hopelessly slowed motor traffic that even at the best times inches along in a fuming stream of steel through midtown. Koch's decision was both premature (the lanes should have been tried for at least a year) and a bit scatterbrained, but it was also calculatedly political. In the street wars among cyclists, motorists and pedestrians, the mayor judged that he had been backing a loser.

The bicycle, formerly a Christmas-tree item or a Sunday diversion, has become a serious vehicle of transport in some American cities. But when bikes move into heavy traffic, problems of incompatibility arise. The circulatory system of the metropolitan U.S. is designed for cars and trucks, with pedestrians granted their margin on the sidewalks. In the culture of freeway or gridlock, the bicycle is a fragile but aggressive intruder. Today around the nation the shaken fist and flourished finger are exchanged between bikers and cabbies and bus drivers and commuting motorists—and, above all, pedestrians who chance to step in the path of a kamikaze ten-speed scorching silently up on the blind side. Bicycles, those sweet chariots of the old Consciousness III, now flourishing under the flag of narcissofitness, are becoming a distinct source of urban tension.

More and more bikers are demanding their share of the American street and road. In 1972, bicycles outsold cars in the U.S. for the first time. Five years ago, an average of 470,000 Americans commuted to work on bicycles on any given day, and Washington hopes that by 1985 as many as 2.5 million will be on the streets, saving as many as 77,000 bbl. of oil a day. OPEC and the huge American self-regard coincided to persuade millions of Americans that the bike makes both financial and cardiovascular sense.

But its virtue has not made the bicycle welcome in many U.S. cities. New York is a serious cyclists' town—but also one of the most dangerous. Still, if it now lacks bike lanes, Manhattan at least has the advantages of being both comparatively flat and geographically compact. Terrain must be right. The sheer distances of Los Angeles rule out anything but neighborhood cycling; San Francisco's hills discourage all but the most muscular. The Federal Government is firmly and officially on the side of the bicycle (healthy, energy-saving and the most efficient means of transportation for millions with short commutes, said the 1978 Energy Conservation Policy Act), but Washington, D.C., itself belongs pretty much to the fuming motorcar. Only a few smaller communities in the U.S., like Davis, Calif., and Eugene, Ore., have welcomed bicyclists with special lanes and bicycle parking areas.

The poor urban cyclist inhabits a hostile world. He regards the car as incomparably more homicidal than the bicycle and more profoundly antisocial—rocketing down the avenues like a bobsled, excreting carcinogens. Yet bicycling is dangerous—905 cyclists died last year in the U.S.—and the unhelmeted are always merely a tumble away from disasters to the brain. The urban cyclist steers among the potholes with a fierce concentration. People have a way of abruptly opening car doors in his face. Cabbies are spitters of high caliber and range. Drivers flick hot cigar and cigarette butts at him. Some truck drivers with a pathological sense of fun like to see how closely they can blast by a cyclist. Pedestrians jaywalk; their eyes, programmed to see cars, are eerily oblivious to bikes. A man throwing his arm up abruptly to hail a cab can coldcock a passing cyclist. And when the bike is finally parked, thieves as dense and dispassionately professional as cockroaches descend with heavy-duty bolt-cutters that can bite through anything but expensive U-shaped metal alloy locks.

The noncycling creature, of course, sees the world with different eyes. Drivers who are not necessarily hostile to bicyclists are often simply terrified of hitting them and think that fragile frame with a person perched on it has no business trying to navigate such savage waters. The bike seems a sort of prissy intrusion, about as welcome as a rosy-cheeked second lieutenant from Princeton being sent in to command a filthy, unshaved squad that has been in combat for a year. The veterans at the wheels figure that the biker is either going to get himself killed or maybe bring down mayhem on everyone else. Pedestrians see bikers as a silent menace—and with good reason. In New York just before Koch's bicyclical mood, bikers killed three people trying to cross the street.

Governments around the world have proved to be extraordinarily stupid about trying to reconcile bicycles and cars; they behave as if bikes merely contributed to the squalor of traffic instead of being a way to dissolve it—an anticoagulant. But reconciliations become harder and harder to finance: cities with their treasuries already bleeding away seldom have money to spare for anything as frivolous and unpopular as bicycle lanes.

Bicycles still zip around with an aura of childishness, of unseriousness. They still await the mass discovery that they are in fact splendidly functional. They will never replace cars, but they can provide quick, superior transportation for great numbers of people daily over short distances, at tremendous savings in fossil fuels and breathable air. The bike rider also knows that riding one as the day begins is a brief pure *aubade* of exertion and contemplation. Why else would cyclists risk it? Then, too, subconsciously, the bicyclist may be engaged in a long-term Darwinian wager: In 100 years, which mechanism will still be at work—the bicycle or the automobile?

—*By Lance Morrow*

Illustration for TIME by Lou Myers

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